THE GREATEST National Weekly Newspaper IN THE UNITED STATES

TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

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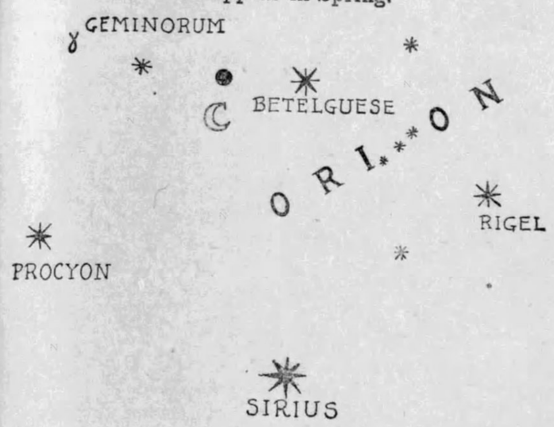
FOUNDED IN 1836. TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1908. VOL. LXXIII, NO. 52.

EARTH WILL GET ANOTHER GLIMPSE OF HALLEY COMET

Famous Star, Which Showed That Even Such Erratic Bodies Conform With Gravitation Law, to Reappear in Spring.



SOUTHERN PART OF SKY ABOUT MIDNIGHT

C—Comet—i. e., the place where Halley's comet is supposed to be now. It can not yet be seen there, nor, in fact, has it been found there by observers.

BY THE REV. FREDERICK HELLIG, S. J.

The return of Halley's comet is eagerly awaited by astronomers. According to careful computations it will make the perihelion passage some time between the middle of April and the middle of June, 1910. Before that time it will be in opposition twice and should be a fine object for observation. At present the comet is supposed to be just beyond the orbit of Jupiter, which it should traverse in about two months and a half. It is expected that during the present winter the comet will be picked up by the photographic camera. Its present hypothetical position in the heavens is about half way between the first magnitude star Betelguese (Alpha Orionis) and Gamma Geminovum (see chart).

Its Return Predicted.

Halley's comet has become famous for the reason that it was the first periodic comet whose return was predicted by the astronomer whose name it bears. The prediction was one of the test questions put to nature, on the reply to which depended much of the future progress of astronomical science. Christmas, 1758, was a red letter day in astronomical circles, for on that day—sixteen years after Halley's death—the comet which he had predicted reappeared on schedule time, thus proving that even such erratic bodies as comets conform with Newton's law of gravitation, and that at least some of them belong to the solar family.

Halley's comet made its next visit to the sun in the spring of 1835, within two days of the predicted time. It was not a very brilliant object then, but was reasonably conspicuous, with a tail about thirty times as long as the moon's diameter. This was the comet's last appearance. How it will look when it emerges again from space, nobody knows, though it should not be surprising if it had diminished in size, as comets, especially when approaching the sun, lose matter owing to the repulsion of the tissue particles by the light of the sun. These particles, as they are driven away from the nucleus or head, go to form the tail of the comet. It is likewise conceivable that the light energy of the head of a comet is used up and dissipated. A comet would thus become smaller and less luminous at each return. We'll see.

A Tale About the Comet.

Besides the luminous tail, which can be seen, there is attached to Halley's comet another "tale" that can be heard and probably will be heard again and again in connection with the present coming of the star. The tale is this, that in 1456, when Halley's comet on its constitutional passage around the sun, showed its fiery head to frighten Christendom, Pope Callixtus III. issued a bull against the harmless visitor in the sky and formally excommunicated it. He ordered prayers to be said and bells to be rung to frighten it away.

This interesting little story belongs to the stock in trade of so many popular writers on comets, that it will not be out of place to mention it in this short notice on Halley's comet, for the purpose, however, of separating historical falsehood from astronomical truth.

The origin of the story about the bull against the comet can be traced to one passage of a book written by Platina in 1479, where we are told: (1) that a "hairy and fiery comet had made its appearance; (2) that mathematicians declared that there would follow a grievous pestilence, etc., and (3) that the pope ordered supplications to be made to avert the wrath of God—"if evils were impending." But even this story, little as it is, becomes of no value whatever when we apply to it the principles of modern historical criticism.

Famous Bull Not Found.

It just happens that we are able to test Platina's story by consulting the official documents of the reign of Callixtus III, which are all carefully preserved in the "Bullarium Romanum," and by looking up the bull or document relating to the comet of 1456. Now, a most painstaking search of the documents of this pope has failed to bring to light that famous bull against the comet. Nay, more, no allusion can be found in these documents to a comet or to the story narrated by Platina. Hence we must dismiss the whole fabrication as a legend pure and simple; the sooner Halley's comet drops this tale the better for the truth which we are all seeking.

KUROPATKIN TELLS WHY JAPAN LICKED RUSSIA

General Kuropatkin, in writing in McClure's of the causes of Russia's defeat by Japan attacks the officers of the Russian army, saying:

"It may be stated, without much danger of error, that the chief characteristic of our highest commanding element, especially during the early period of the campaign, was the absence of initiative, ignorance of how to lead a battle of attack, and the lack of persistency. The result of this was always revealed by a lack of harmony in the actions of large units, indifference to the situation of a neighbor, and premature admission that the battle was lost.

"Even those officers who possessed the best qualities always found it more advantageous if a neighbor began the attack, while they themselves merely supported him. If any one was hard pressed, and he retreated, his neighbors—instead of helping him to retreive the situation—marched off. Almost no one displayed a bold impulse toward the front."

Medals for Everybody.

"General Grippenberg went particularly far in this direction," he says: "Among other things it is recorded that General Grippenberg ordered thirty badges of distinction of the Military Order to be distributed per battery, which were allotted to a battery of seventy men inspected by me, who had taken part in battle. Actually, to my amazement, almost every man in the front file wore a cross. But this battery had taken almost no part in the battle, had only lost, quite by accident, one killed and two wounded. The commander of the battery told me that he was ashamed to announce this reward to the battery, and to pick out for decoration those who had performed deeds of valor. I expressed to the soldiers my hope that, in the battles to come, they would prove that they were worthy of the badges of distinction which had been conferred upon them."

Criticises Witte.

In telling in the Christmas McClure's of the causes of Russia's defeat by Japan, General Kuropatkin attacks Witte's administration as minister of finance. He says:

"If the minister of finance (Sergius de Witte) had confined himself to the role of collector of means of satisfying all governmental needs, no question could have arisen about his conduct. But our financial affairs were so arranged that the minister of finance was actually not only the collector of funds, but also their chief distributor in chief. The minister of finance formed in his ministry departments of the other ministries; of the ministries of ways and communications, war, navy, public education, interior, agriculture and foreign affairs.

"When it came to such activity as this, the Russian proverb, 'One's own shirt is nearest his body' comes into play, and the alotment for enterprses over which the minister of finance ruled was more liberal than for the corresponding sections of other ministries. The appropriateions essential for public education were cut down, and at the same time, many millions were found for the construction of grandiose edifices for polytichnic institutes in St. Petersburg and Kieff; very expensive edifices were erected for the exalse department; palaces were constructed for housing employes; immense sums were allotted for building the town of Dalny and the East China railway, together with palaces in Kharbin and other enterprises connected therewith."

CHANGES AND PERSONNEL IN THE NEXT CONGRESS

The next congress will be again a Republican congress, marking the ninth successive victory of the Republican party in securing control of the house of representatives. The majority will be somewhat less than that of last year, but it will be still large enough for all practical purposes, ranging somewhere up in the forties. Of the "big five" who were in control last year, four are re-elected, and the other one is promoted to be vice president of the United States. Three of the victorious four, Cannon, Dalzell and Tawney, had, however, the fiercest fight of their political lives this year. The other, Sereno E. Payne, received a larger majority than usual. Only two of the important house committees, those on commerce and judiciary, will be disturbed as a result of the election. Hepburn, of Iowa, chairman of the first, and Jenkins, of Wisconsin, chairman of the second, lose their seats. Otherwise the next house will be much the same as before. Far more significant than the slight changes in the house of representatives are the changes taking place or about to take place in the United States senate. The control of affairs in that body fell largely, a few years ago, into the hands of a steering committee consisting of Senators Allison, Aldrich, Hale, Platt (of Connecticut) and Spooner. The death of Platt was the first break in this conservative coterie. The retirement of Spooner was the second. The death of Allison a few weeks ago was the third. And according to an announcement made just before the recent election, Senator Aldrich will retire at the close of his present term two years hence. Under the control of these men the senate has been a conservative body, whose resistance to popular reforms has excited widespread clamor. The phrase, "the treason of the senate," which a few years ago formed the title to a series of magazine articles that was probably the exciting cause of President Roosevelt's speech against "muckraking," has expressed fairly well the feeling held by a considerable part of the public toward the upper house. Slowly but surely the growth of public sentiment in the direction of radicalism has invaded the senate, until Washington correspondents are declaring with one accord that that body cannot be depended upon much longer to live up to its reputation for conservatism.—Current Literature.

The Christmas Tree.

I stood upon a windy hill,
A pine tree, young and tall,
And reached toward the silver stars
And heard the norther call.
I wondered what my fate would be,
And dreamed a dream of pride,
When I would brace a warship's keel,
And stem the rushing tide.

Or I would give a costly church
A broad and perfect beam,
Or help to build a mighty bridge
For traffic's roaring stream.
Then came a man one frosty morn
And quickly cut me down,
And loaded me upon a sled
And took me to the town.

He nailed me to a block of wood
And hung me o'er with toys—
With dolls, and drums, and books and games
For little girls and boys.
"Was it for this," I gadly sighed,
"I grew so strong and straight,
To onlyy be a Christmas tree?
Alas! for such a fate.

But now, within a happy home,
On Christmas Eve I stand,
The children dance around my boughs,
A romping, rosy band.
I read my beauty in their eyes,
They hail me with delight,
And view with joy my many gifts
And tapers burning bright.

The mother comes and looks me o'er
With soft, approving gaze.
Upon my trailing tinsel gay
The leaping firelight plays.
From every branch a glittering ball
Of blue or crimson swings,
And on my top an angel stands
And lifts her golden wings.

A fig for all the lofty hopes
That once I used to know,
The dreams of greatness that were mine
Amidst the falling snow.
No prouder end in all the world
For any pine can be,
Than making little children glad
Around a Christmas tree.

—Leslie's Weekly.

The Minister Driven to Begging.

Success Magazine.

He arose and walked about the room, in his excitement unconsciously using real pulpit gestures.

"If people expect us to be their spiritual guides, why don't they put us on an equality with them? Why do they compel us to go around asking for discounts from the merchant and the doctor and the lawyer as though we were almost 'on the town?' If my cupboard is getting bare, all I have to do is to hint in my neighbors that I'd like some vegetables or fruit out of their gardens, and it comes right in. That's a thing I don't often do. But sometimes a poor minister is actually driven to hinting; and then how can he feel much different from a beggar, I'd like to know?"

The minister drew his chair close to mine and sank his voice almost to a whisper.

"Sir, I tell you there's something wrong with Protestantism when it, in the first place, so shamefully underpays its servants, and, in the second, raises the money for their poor salaries by such humiliating methods."

The Biggest Schooner Afloat.

Kennebec Journal.

The six-master schooner Eleanor A. Percy will drop into second place among the fleet of six-masted wooden schooners on Tuesday afternoon, after holding the proud title of "the biggest afloat" since she was launched in 1900. The title will pass to the new queen of the fleet, the Edward B. Winslow, which is booked for launching from the Percy & Small yard at Bath, the same yard in which the Eleanor A. Percy was built. The official measurements of the Winslow were made public on Friday, and in gross measurements she is twenty-three tons larger than the Percy. The measurements of the two crafts are as follows: Edward B. Winslow—Length, 318.9 feet; breadth, 50 feet; depth, 29 feet; 3,424 gross tons. Eleanor A. Percy—Length, 323 feet; breadth, 50 feet; depth, 24.8 feet; 3,401 gross tons. The history of the Percy has demonstrated that the six-masted schooners are good business propositions. The Percy has proven a good carrier, and fast, and under the command of Captain Jewett has made practically steamboat time between the coal ports and the ports of Boston and Portland.

Costliest Railroad in America.

Spokane Dispatch to New York World.

Regarded by engineers as a marvel of construction is the Spokane, Portland & Seattle railway, 423 miles, the most direct line between Spokane and Portland, which will be completed January 1, 1909. The road, built jointly by the Great Northern and Northern Pacific systems, is the most expensive in America.

The line will permit of longer trains being hauled over it than any other road in the country. There are no sharp curvatures, the greatest being three degrees, and as a result one locomotive can pull from Spokane to Portland as many cars as it can start on level ground. This is loading.

Twenty miles of line between Pasco and Kahlotus cost $5,000,000, or 250,000 a mile, while a mile of road along the bluffs overhanging Snake River involved an expenditure of $500,000. To survey and build this part of the line, which follows the Columbia River, men were suspended over the cliffs with ropes; but while there were many narrow escapes, not a life was lost, nor was any one seriously injured.

A Famous Bathtub.

London Illustrated News.

The bathtub in which Marat was killed by Charlotte Corday is still in existence. A man who has seen it in Paris, where it is now on sale, says that it is totally unlike the bathtubs with which we are familiar. "It is shaped like a sabot or shoe," he writes, "and is covered except for a space where the bather gets in. It is not long enough for a man to stretch out comfortably. That would be impossible anyway, owing to the shape. The occupant must sit up, his head and shoulders coming out of the ankle of the shoe. On the upper part there are two hooks which could be used to support a desk. A sort of stool in copper is fixed to the bath which enables the bather to sit and write. Under this stool the heating apparatus was placed. The bath has not been used since the murder, and even now, perhaps, the blood marks of the friend of the people can be seen—at least the sulphur and other chemicals used by Marat, who, as is known, suffered from a skin disease. After passing through many hands the bath came into the possession of the cure of Sargeau, who sold it to the Grevin Museum for 3,000 francs."

The SLAVE of SILENCE

BY F. M. WHITE

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CHAPTER XV.

Used as he was to quick scenes and dramatic changes, Berrington was surprised for the moment. The thing was like some bewildering eastern vision. A moment ago the place had been dull and dark, and now, like a flash, warmth and light were there, to say nothing of the tasteful extravagance of the supper-table. Berrington could see the fruit and the flowers, the dainty confections and the costly wines. How had the thing been managed?

But it was no moment to speculate about that. So far it merely tended to prove the almost diabolical cleverness of the people with whom the police had to deal. The Rajah himself could be seen standing moodily in the doorway, chewing a cigar between his strong, yellow teeth. Berrington observed him very carefully.

As one who knew India, Berrington was in a position to judge the man fairly well. As a matter of fact, the newcomer did not look in the least like an eastern potentate. True, his skin was dark, but not more sallow than that of many a European. His hair was thick, but his eyes were dark blue, and his dress was eminently that of a man about town. With his public school and university education the rajah had passed for an Englishman.

"What sort of a reputation does he bear?" Berrington asked in a whisper.

"Shady," Field replied briefly. "What you call a renegade, I should say. Has all the vices of both hemispheres, without the redeeming features of either. Low-class music halls, ballet dancers, prizefighters and the like. At the same time he's got the good sense not to flaunt these vices before the public, and he knows how to conduct himself with dignity when there is any necessity for it. Despite his handsome income, he is frequently in dire need of money. Still, I should never have identified him with this business had I not seen him here. I had no idea that he even knew Sir Charles Darryll and Mr. Richford."

The Rajah stood there biting his nails impatiently, as if waiting for somebody. He crossed over to the table and opened a bottle of champagne to which he helped himself liberally. The fizz of the wine could be distinctly heard in the drawing room.

"I'd give half my pension to know how that thing is worked," said Berrington. "A moment ago there was nothing on that table, and now look at it! It would take the staff of a large hotel half an hour to arrange a meal like that. The flowers alone would have occupied the time. The servants here—"

"You may bet your life that the servants know nothing about it," Field said. "They have been sent away right enough. I feel quite sure that they are innocent of everything. It would never do to let domestics talk of these matters."

The Rajah was pacing up and down the dining room talking to himself. A moment later there was a rattle of a latchkey and two people come in. The first was a young man with the unmistakable stamp of the actor on him, smart, well groomed, clean shaven, the society actor of today. He was followed by an exceedingly pretty, fair-haired woman, who might have belonged to the same profession. Just for the moment it occurred to Field that these were ordinary guests who knew nothing of the mystery of the house. There was nothing about either of them to connect them with crime or mystery.

They pitched their wraps carelessly on the hall table as if they had been there before, and made their way to the dining room. The Rajah's face grew eager.

"Well, my children," he said in excellent English, "have you had any luck? Cora, dear, tell me that you have succeeded in our little counterplot."

The woman's pretty face grew hard. She pulled a chair up to the table and sat down.

"Give me some of that pate and open a bottle of champagne," she said. "What with this doubling about and covering up one's tracks, I've had no time to think of food. The same remark applies to poor Reggie here. Haven't we succeeded well enough for you?"

"Well, yes, you managed the big thing all right, but that's not everything. You managed the big thing so well that the police are utterly baffled and don't know which way to look. But the stones, carissima, the sparkling stones. What of them?"

The woman gave a shrug of her ivory shoulders. She could be plainly seen by the watchers lost in the darkness of the drawing room.

"The deplorable luck was against us," she said. "I actually had my hands upon the stones and nearly snatched them away under the eyes of the adorable Richford. I said to myself we are not going to do his work for nothing. He followed me to the room where the stones were and we talked. You see I had business in the room as you know. And Reggie here was downstairs, making himself agreeable to the fair owner of the stones, so that I had a free hand in the matter. If Reggie had not been so indiscreet as to leave the poor child—"

"But what could I do?" the man called Reggie protested. "Never was so cruel a piece of bad luck in the history of war. Who should come down but Langford?"

"But you were so carefully disguised that Langford could not possibly have known you," the woman said.

"I admit it. I posttively had forgotten the fact for the moment. The sight of Langford was such a shock to me. On the spur of the moment I made my excuses and departed."

"Leaving the little girl uneasy, and suspicious," said the woman, "so that she came up to her room where I was and walked off with the gems. I was very near to taking her by the throat and half strangling her. But there were greater issues at stake and I had to restrain my feelings. I had to smile and nod and play my part whilst the little lady was sending the jewels off to the safe custody of the hotel clerk. I could have danced with fury, I could have wept with rage. But what was the good?"

The rajah swore roundly and passionately. He could be seen from the drawing room, striding about the place and muttering as he went.

"It is more than unfortunate," he said: "If we could have got hold of those jewels we should have had a fortune in our grasp. We were quite justified in robbing Richford, who only serves me for his own ends. "He is a bully and a coward and he must pay the price. He says that he has no ready money, that his affairs are more desperate than we imagine. And yet he could find the cash to buy those diamonds."

"They always mean cash," the woman said. "It is a good thing for the wife of a speculator to be in possession of a lot of fine diamonds. It would have been a precious good thing for us, too, if Reggie had not lost his nerve last night."

"Have you any idea who those people are?" asked Berrington of his companion.

"Not personally," Field replied, "but I have a pretty shrewd idea. It is very good of them to come here, just as nature made them, and without disguises. Surely you know what they are talking about? The discussion is over Mrs. Richford's diamonds which she nearly lost, as she told me. Unless I am greatly mistaken, we are listening to a confession of the way in which that robbery had been planned. Stripped of their very clever disguises, these two people yonder are no other than Countess de la Moray and General Gastang."

Berrington nodded, wondering why he had not found them out before. From the dining room came the sound of a match, as the Rajah lighted another cigar.

"We shall have to go back to our original scheme," he was saying. "There was never anything better. We must get the other man into this. He must be frightened. Send him the salt."

There was another rattle of the latchkey and the watchers were not in the least surprised to see Richford come in, with the air of a man who is quite atlome. He was looking white and anxious and a little annoyed as he took off his coat and entered the dining room. Unhappily he closed the door behind him, so that no more conversation could be heard.

"That's unlucky," Field said in a vexed tone. "What does that salt allusion mean? You recollect telling me that Richford was frightened by finding that salt on his plate?"

"It's a kind of Indian dodge," Berrington proceeded to explain. "It has to do with caste and religious observances and all that sort of thing. Don't be deceived with the idea that you are on the track of an anarchist society or anything of that kind."

"Is it something more or less on the line of free-masonry, then?" Field asked.

"Well, yes, you can put it that way if you like," Berrington said thoughtfully. "I made a special study of that kind of thing in India, though I only came across the salt fetich a few times. It seemed to me to be more religious than anything else, though in one or two instances it was attended by tragedy. There was a young native prince who was a great friend of mine and he was about to be married to a princess who was as bright and intelligent as himself. She had been educated like himself in Europe, so that they were free from a deal of superstition and prejudice. The prince was dining at my bungalow one night when I noticed a little bullet of salt on his plate. It was useless to ask him how it got there, for one could never have elicited the truth from any of the native servants. My friend got dreadfully pale for a moment, but he turned it off and he thought no more about the matter. But the next day the prince was found dead in his bed; he had shot himself with a revolver."

"And you never got to the bottom of it?" Field asked with pardonable curiosity.

"Never. There are mysteries in India that puzzle us as much as they did in the good old days of John Company. What's that noise?"

There was a sound like the rumble of wheels along the hall, and presently appeared a kind of invalid chair, self-propelled by its occupant, a little man with a pale face and dark eyes. He paused before the dining room door and rattled the handle.

"Evidently the master of the house," Berrington suggested. "The lame man who can't walk. It was he who sent the message to Richford."

"Sure enough," Field exclaimed. "Must have been in the abduction business. Evidently the same gentleman who was waiting in the black cab outside the Royal Palace. Rather a nice looking man, with by no means unpleasant face. Hope they won't shut the door upon him."

Somebody opened the dining room door at this moment and the lame man steered himself in. Where he had come from was a mystery, as the house had appeared to be quite empty when Berrington and his companion entered it. Clearly the man could not have come from the upper part of the premises, for his physical condition disposed of that suggestion.

"Well, my friends," the newcomer cried gaily, "very glad to see you all safe and sound again. So our little scheme has not been a failure. Richford, judging from the gloom on your brow, you have not had the luck you desire. You must be content with the knowledge that virtue brings its own reward. And yet if you only knew it you are the most fortunate of men. For your sweet sake we have undertaken difficulties and dangers that—"

"Oh, shut up," Richford growled. "I don't understand what you are driving at. Anybody would think that you were no more than a silly child who had nothing to do but to attend to your flowers and stick your postage stamps in your album. And yet—"

"And yet I can give my attention to more serious matters," the cripple said with a sudden stern expression and in a voice that had a metallic ring in it. "You are right. And if you two have eaten and drunk enough we will get to business."

There was a little stir amongst the listeners, the Rajah pitching his cigar into the grate and coming forward eagerly. Evidently something was going to happen.

CHAPTER XVI.

Cool and collected as he usually was, even Field was excited now. He crept as near to the drawing-room door as he dared, and peeped into the ring of light, eagerly. He popped back hurriedly as the man called Reggie and the Rajah came into the hall and proceeded to enter a room opposite, under the direction of the little cripple. Richford seemed to be vague and irritated.

"What the deuce is the good of all this mystery?" he asked. "Why don't you come to the point, Sartoris? But no, you must always be so infernally close, just as if you were the only one of us who rejoices in the possession of brains."

"Well, so I am," Sartoris said, without the least display of temper. "You don't delude yourself that you are a person of intellect, surely? Cunning you have of a low order, the mean, vulgar cunning that enables people to make money in the city. But that is not intellect, my dear friend. Intellect is quite another matter. We very nearly landed ourselves in a serious mess because I did not care to trust you too far. And when we were face to face with that mess, what good were you? What good was anybody besides myself? Where was the brain that schemed out everything and made success certain? True, I had allies upon whom I could depend—Reggie and Cora, for example. But they could have done nothing without me. And now we have the thing in our hands again. Come along, then."

Richford subsided, muttering to himself. From the room opposite came the sound of somebody moving a heavy package of some kind, and presently the man called Reggie and the Rajah appeared shuffling a big case between them. The box scraped over the polished parquet floor, leaving deep scratches as it went; amidst a strained, breathing silence it was pushed into the dining room. Sartoris watched these proceedings with a curious gleam in his eyes.

"So far, so good," he said. "All we want now is Bentwood. He's very late. Go out and see if you can make anything of him, Reggie. If that fellow has dared to get drunk tonight, I'll give him a lesson that will last him for the rest of his life."

The little man's voice grew harsh and grating. Evidently he was a man that it would be dangerous to trifle with. A curious silence fell over the little group; the whole room grew so still that Field could hear his companion breathing. They were perfectly safe up to now, but if anybody happened to go into the drawing room for anything, and they were discovered, each knew that his life was not worth a minute's purchase. Very steadily Sartoris steered his chair to the side of the big case on the floor, and his hands began to fumble with the strings.

The front door opened with a bang that startled everybody, for nerves were strung up to high tension and the least noise came with a startling force. The door burst open, only to be as quietly closed, and a big man, with a red face and small red eyes, reeled across the hall and almost collapsed in a heap on the floor.

"Night," he said unsteadily, "night, all of you. You may say that I've been drinking. Nothing of the kind. The man who says I've been drinking lies. Experiment. Nothing in the world but a lot of experiments which a braver man than I would shrink from. Sartoris, if you say I am drunk, then I say that you are a liar."

"I should be a liar if I agreed with you," Sartoris said. "The whole place reeks of drink."

"So it does," the newcomer said with amiability. "Upon my word, you yourselves seem to be doing remarkably well while I've been working for the good of the community. Give me a bottle of champagne, to begin with. Poor stuff, champagne, only fit for women. But then, there appears to be nothing else—why——"

The big red-faced man reached his hand out and Sartoris caught him a savage blow on the knuckles. The little man's face was livid with fury, his eyes flashed like electric points.

"Pig, beast, drunken hound," he screamed. "Have you no sense of shame or duty? After tonight I will give you a lesson. After tonight you shall know what it is to play with me."

The man called Bentwood lapsed into sudden dignity.

"Very well," he said. "Have it your own way. When you say that I am drunk you outrage my feelings. You don't seem to understand that you can't get on without me. If I like to snap my fingers in your face you are powerless. But I do nothing of the kind. Such is not my nature. Give me a glass of brandy and I shall be myself again."

Just for a moment Sartoris seemed to be fighting down the rage that consumed him. It was evidently a big struggle, but the mastery came.

"Very well," he said. "I'll do as you want. Wait a moment."

The invalid carriage rolled rapidly across the room and down a long passage to the back of the house. When Sartoris came back again he had a glass in his hand and a cup of black coffee balanced on the chair before him. Bentwood snatched eagerly at the glass and drained it at a gulp. Then he pressed his hand to his heart and staggered back.

"My God, you have poisoned me," he gasped. "The pain! The pain! I can't breathe."

"You'll be all right in a moment," Sartoris said. "I don't profess to your wonderful medical knowledge, but some things I know, and one of them is how to treat a man in your condition. What you regard as poison is a strong dose of sal-volatile—as strong a dose as I dare venture to give even to a powerful man like you. Now drink this coffee."

There was a ring of command in the tone which was not to be disobeyed. As soon as Bentwood had regained his power of speech, he drank his coffee. After the harsh, astringent drug, the flavor was soothing and gratifying. In a marvelously short space of time the big man grew quiet and a little ashamed of himself. His face was less red, he became more quiet and subdued in his manner.

"I am truly sorry, Sartoris," he said. "I'm afraid I was very drunk and rude just now. But I was not entirely to blame. Would any man be entirely to blame who had led a life like mine! The things that I have seen, the things that I should like to find out! Then the madness comes on me and I must drink or destroy myself. I fought for the possession of myself today until I was a mere nervous rag of a man. If I had fought much longer I should have blown my brains out. And what would you have done then?"

The man's tone was eager, almost passionate. Sartoris bent his head down so that the expression of his face could not be seen by anyone.

"Say no more about it," he said. "You are quite sober now, which is the important part of the case. I will discuss the other matter with you on a future occasion."

The speaker's tones were smooth enough, but his eyes gleamed like coals of fire. He was bending again and fumbling with the straps of the great packing case. Field, watching everything intently, asked Berrington what he thought of it all.

"I hardly know what to think," the latter whispered. "This has been a night of surprises—therefore you will be prepared to hear that I know the man Bentwood well."

"You mean that you knew him in India?" Field asked.

"Yes, years ago. He was an army surgeon, and quite the cleverest at his profession that I ever had the privilege to meet. He might have made a large fortune in England, but he got into some trouble and had to leave the country. It was much the same in India. Bentwood had a positive genius for the occult and underground. After a time very few white people cared to associate with him, and he became the companion of dervishes and the mulahs and all that class, whose secrets he learned. I believe he is the only European who ever went through the process of being buried alive. That secret was never betrayed before, and yet yonder fellow got to the bottom of it. Also he learned all the secret poisons that they use out yonder, and we were pretty sure that he was mixed up in the great scandal that followed the sad death of the Rajah of Abgalli. You recollect that?"

Field nodded. He had a fine memory for all stories of that kind.

"We always said that Bentwood was the actual culprit, and that he experimented with certain poisons that produced quite new results. Some said that the Rajah committed suicide. Perhaps the poison administered to him took that form. Anyway, Bentwood disappeared, and it was generally understood that he met his death by falling out of a boat when shooting sea fowl. That was the story that one of his servants brought back, but we could never ascertain how far that fellow was in his master's pay. Anyway, a year later one of our men came back from his long leave, saying that he had seen Bentwood at Monte Carlo, and that he appeared to be bursting with money. Another of ours was reported to have seen him after that, almost in rags, in London. Anyway, he is an amazingly clever man, and perhaps one of the greatest scamps that ever lived. Still, if we get any luck tonight, he will almost have shot his bolt."

"I think you may safely reckon upon that," Field said drily. "It's exceedingly lucky for me that I ran up against you in this way, Colonel. But for that accident I should have been utterly at fault. Anyway, I should not be here at this moment."

There was no chance for further talk, for by this time Sartoris had released the straps of the packing case and raised the lid. The others stood around him, looking white and anxious, with the exception of Bentwood, who was smoking a cigaret quite carelessly. With an impatient gesture Sartoris pointed to the case by his side.

"Now, then," he said curtly, "are you people going to keep me awiting all night? Do you think that a cripple like me can do everything? Give a hand here, you men, whilst one of the others clears the table. Pull the cloth off."

There was a clatter of china and glass and a clink of bottles, at the sound of which Bentwood looked around with a sudden spasmodic grin on his face. But Sartoris scowled at him furiously and he turned his watery gaze in another direction. The table was clear now, and the Rajah, with the help of the man called Reggie, and Richford, raised some inanimate object from the trunk. It was limp and heavy, it was swathed in sheets, like a lay figure or a mummy. As the strange thing was opened out it took the outlines of a human body, a dread object, full of the suggestion of crime and murder and violence. Berrington breathed hard as he watched.

"If we only dared to do something," he muttered. "I suppose it is easy to guess what they have there?"

"Easy enough, indeed, sir," Field said between his teeth. "It's the body of Sir Charles Darryll. There is a deeper mystery here than we are as yet aware of. They are laying the body out on that table as if for some operation. I don't know what to think; I—"

"Shut that door," Sartoris commanded in a hard, high voice. "There is a deuce of a draught coming in from somewhere. You don't want that, eh, Bentwood!"

Bentwood muttered that it was the last thing he did desire. The door closed with a bang, there was a long silence, broken at last by a feeble cry of pain, a cry something like that of a child who suffers under some drug. Berrington leaped to his feet. As he would have crossed the hall a figure came along—the figure of a woman in a grey dress. It was the grey lady that Beatrice had seen on that fateful evening, the woman who had sat by the side of Mark Ventmore in the Paris theatre. She wrung her hands in silent grief.

"Oh, if only there was somebody to help me," she said. "If God would only give to me and send to me a friend at this moment, I would pray—"

Berrington stepped out into the light of the hall.

"Your prayer has been answered," he said quietly. "I am here to help you, Mary."

(To Be Continued.

A MILLIONAIRE OF YESTERDAY

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

Trent had done many brave things in his life, but he had never been conscious of such a distinct thrill of nervousness as he experienced during those few minutes' silence. Ernestine, for her part, was curiously exercised in her mind. He had shaken her faith in his guilt—he had admitted her to his point of view. She judged herself from his standpoint, and the result was unpleasant. She had a sudden impulse to tell him the truth, to reveal her identity, tell him her reasons for concealment. Perhaps her suspicions had been hasty. Then the personal note in his last speech had produced a serious effect on her, and all the time she felt that her silence was emboldening him, as indeed it was.

"The first time I saw you," he went on, "the likeness struck me. I felt as though I were meeting some one whom I had known all my life."

She laughed a little uneasily.

"And you found yourself instead the victim of an interviewer! What a drop from the romantic to the prosaic!"

"There has never been any drop at all," he answered firmly, "and you have always seemed to me the same as that picture—something quite precious and apart from my life. It's been a poor sort of thing perhaps. I came from the people, I never had any education, I was as rough as most men of my sort, and I have done many things which I would sooner cut off my right hand than do again. But that was when I lived in the darkness. It was before you came."

"Mr. Trent, will you take me back to Lady Tresham, please?"

"In a moment," he answered gravely. "Don't think that I am going to be too rash. I know the time hasn't come yet. I am not going to say any more. Only I want you to know this. The whole success of my life is as nothing compared with the hope of one day——"

"I will not hear another word," she interrupted hastily, and underneath her white veil he could see a scarlet spot of color in her cheeks; in her speech, too, there was a certain tremulousness. "If you will not come with me I must find Lady Tresham alone."

They turned round, but as they neared the middle of the paddock progress became almost impossible. The bell had rung for the principal race of the day and the numbers were going up. The paddock was crowded with others beside loiterers, looking the horses over and stolidly pushing their way through the little groups to the front rank. All around were evidences of that excitement which always precedes a great race.

"I think," he said, "that we had better watch the race from these railings. Your gown will be spoilt in the crowd if we try to get out of the paddock, and you probably wouldn't get anywhere in time to see it."

She acquiesced silently, recognizing that, although he had not alluded to it in words, he had no intention of saying anything further at present. Trent, who had been looking forward to the next few minutes with all the eagerness of a man who, for the first time in his life, runs the favorite in a great race, smiled as he realized how very content he was to stay where nothing could be seen until the final struggle was over. They took up their places side by side and leaned over the railing.

"Have you much money on Iris?" she asked.

"A thousand both ways," he answered. "I don't plunge, but as I backed her very early I got 10 to 1 and 7 to 2. Listen! They're off!"

There was a roar from across the course, followed by a moment's breathless silence. The clamor of voices from Tattersall's subsided, and in its place rose the buzz of excitement from the stands, the murmur of many voices gradually growing in volume. Far away down the straight Ernestine and Trent, leaning over the rail, could see the little colored specks come dancing into sight. The roar of voices once more beat upon the air.

"Nero the Second wins!"

"The favorite's done!"

"Nero the Second for a monkey!"

"Nero the Second romps in!"

"Iris! Iris! Iris wins!"

It was evident from the last shout and the gathering storm of excitement that, after all, it was to be a race. They were well in sight now; Nero the Second and Iris, racing neck-and-neck, drawing rapidly away from the others. The air shook with the sound of hoarse and fiercely excited voices.

"Nero the Second wins!"

"Iris wins!"

Neck-and-neck they passed the post. So it seemed at least to Ernestine and many others, but Trent shook his head and looked at her with a smile.

"Iris was beaten by a short neck," he said. "Good thing you didn't back her. That's a fine horse of the Prince's, though!"

"I'm so sorry," she cried. "Are you sure?"

He nodded and pointed to the numbers which were going up. She flashed a sudden look upon him which more than compensated him for his defeat. At least he had earned her respect that day, as a man who knew how to accept defeat gracefully. They walked slowly up the paddock and stood on the edge of the crowd, whilst a great person went out to meet his horse amidst a storm of cheering. It chanced that he caught sight of Trent on the way, and, pausing for a moment, he held out his hand.

"Your horse made a magnificent fight for it, Mr. Trent," he said. "I'm afraid I only got the verdict by a fluke. Another time may you be the fortunate one!"

Trent answered him simply, but without awkwardness. Then his horse came in and he held out his hand to the crestfallen jockey, whilst with his left he patted Iris' head.

"Never mind, Dick," he said cheerfully, "you rode a fine race and the best horse won. Better luck next time."

Several people approached Trent, but he turned away at once to Ernestine.

"You will let me take you to Lady Tresham now," he said.

"If you please," she answered quietly.

They left the paddock by the underground way. When they emerged upon the lawn the band was playing and crowds of people were strolling about under the trees.

"The boxes," Trent suggested, "must be very hot now!"

He turned down a side-walk away from the stand towards an empty seat under an elm tree, and, after a moment's scarcely perceptible hesitation, she followed his lead. He laughed

A Seaman and His Name

From correspondent of the New York Sun, with the fleet, nearing Japan.

Soon word came that the Virginia had lost two of her lifeboats. Then came the darkness and the tossing of the night.

In the morning word came that just at daybreak a sea had jumped on the quarterdeck of the Rhode Island and a gunner's mate named William Fuller had been snaked off into the sea. The Rhode Island was the last ship in the first squadron.

She paused, but nothing could be seen of Fuller. No boat could live in the sea, and the Rhode Island went on. The entire fourth division by this time was out of sight, under orders to make as easy weather as possible.

About 11 o'clock that same Tuesday morning word went around that the Minnesota had a man overboard. There was a rush for glasses and the entire fleet slowed down. The man overboard flag zigged and slapped itself furiously from the Minnesota's signal yards. Everyone held fast to a stanchion and waited.

The Minnesota slewed around. Would she try to lower a boat? There were some signs of it, but no boat sank toward the water. Some one threw a life buoy overboard. The man in the water was Seaman T. E. Gladden, a first enlistment man and therefore not experienced with the ways of the sea. He had stepped out on the quarterdeck to look at the storm and the sea reached up and seized him and then snorted at the ship.

Gladden was used to the water, however. He comes from Seattle and that may account for it. He is a beautiful swimmer. He never lost his nerve, and when he saw the life buoy go overboard he swam for it and was favored by the slant of the wave in which he was struggling. Fortunately he grabbed the buoy. The Minnesota was swung around to make as much of a lee as possible and then off floated Gladden down in the direction of the Vermont.

The Vermont did a beautiful piece of work. Those in charge caught sight of Gladden, headed the bow for him let him slip by on the port side and then swung the ship around to port, furnishing him another lee. They were planning to get out a lifeboat, but, to the surprise of those on the Vermont, Gladden started to let go his life buoy and to swim to the Vermont.

The sea was carrying him this way and that. Through hands held at mouths the Vermont's officers shouted to him to stay with the life buoy. They feared the youngster had lost his head. Gladden thought he knew best. With a glance of confidence that those on the Vermont could see he struck out.

Every man on the Vermont who could see the swimmer was in a quiver. It would be too b

softly to himself. If this was defeat, what in the world was better?

"This is your first Ascot, is it not?" she asked.

"My first."

"And you first defeat?"

"I suppose it is," he admitted cheerfully. "I rather expected to win, too."

"You must be very disappointed, I am afraid."

"I have lost," he said thoughtfully, "a gold cup. I have gained——"

She half rose and shook out her skirts as though about to leave him. He stopped short and found another conclusion to his sentence.

"Experience!"

A faint smile parted her lips. She resumed her seat.

"I am glad to find you," she said, "so much of a philosopher. Now talk to me for a few minmutes about what you have been doing in Africa."

He obeyed her, and very soon she forgot the well-dressed crowd of men and women by whom they were surrounded, the light hum of gay conversation, the band which was playing the fashionable air of the moment. She saw instead the long line of men of many races, stripped to the waist and toiling as though for their lives under a tropical sun, she saw the great brown water-jars passed down the line, men fainting beneath the burning sun and their places taken by others. She heard the shrill whistle of alarm, the beaten drum; she saw the spade exchanged for the rifle, and the long line of toilers disappear behind the natural earthwork which their labors had created. She saw black forms rise stealthily from the long, rank grass, a flight of quivering spears, the horrid battlecry of the natives rang in her ears. The whole drama of the man's great past rose up before her eyes, made a living and real thing by his simple but vigorous language. That he effaced himself from it went for nothing; she saw him there perhaps more clearly than anything else, the central and domineering figure, a man of brains and nerve who, with his life in his hands, faced with equal immovability a herculean task and the chances of death. Certain phrases in Fred's letter had sunk deep into her mind, they were recalled very vividly by the presence of the man himself, telling his own story. She sat in the sunlight with the music in her ears, listening to his abrupt, vivid speech, and a fear came to her which blanched her cheeks and caught at her throat. The hand which held her dainty parasol of lace shook, and an indescribable thrill ran through her veins. She could no more think of this man as a clodhopper, a coarse upstart without manners or imagination. In many ways he fell short of all the usual standards by which the men of her class were judged, yet she suddenly realized that he possessed a touch of that quality which lifted him at once far over their heads. The man had genius. Without education or culture he had yet achieved greatness. By his side the men who were passing about on the lawn became suddenly puppets. Form and style, manners and easy speech became suddenly stripped of their significance to her. The man at her side had none of these things, yet he was of a greater world. She felt her enmity toward him suddenly weakened. Only her pride now could help her. She called upon it fiercely. He was the man whom she had deliberately believed to be guilty of her father's death, the man whom she had set herself to entrap. She brushed all those other thoughts away and banished firmly that dangerous kindness of manner into which she had been drifting.

And he, on his part, felt a glow of keen pleasure when he realized how the events of the day had gone in his favor. If not yet of her world, he knew now that his becoming so would be hereafter purely a matter of time. He looked up through the green leaves at the blue sky, bedappled with white, fleecy clouds, and wondered whether she guessed that his appearance here, his ownership of Iris, the studious care with which he had placed himself in the hands of a Saville Row tailor were all for her sake. It was true that she had condescended to Bohemianism, that he had first met her as a journalist, working for her living in a plain serge suit and a straw hat. But he felt sure that this had been to a certain extent a whim with her. He stole a sidelong glance at her—she was the personification of daintiness from the black patent shoes showing beneath the flouncing of her skirt, to the white hat with its clusters of roses. Her foulard gown was as simple as genius could make it, and she wore no ornaments, save a fine clasp to her waistband of dull gold, quaintly faishioned, and the fine gold chain around her neck, from which hung her racing glasses. She was to him the very type of everything aristocratic. It might be, as she had told him, that she chose to work for her living, but he knew as though by inspiration that her people and connections were of that world to which he could never belong, save on sufferance. He meant to belong to it, for her sake—to win her! He admitted the presumption, but then it would be presumption of any man to lift his eyes to her. He estimated his chances with common sense; he was not a man disposed to undervalue himself. He knew the power of his wealth and his advantage over the crowd of young men who were her equals by birth. For he had met some of them, had inquired into their lives, listened to their jargon, and had come in a faint sort of way to understand them. It had been an encouragement to him. After all it was only serious work; life lived out face to face with the great realities of existence which could make a man. In a dim way he realized that there were few in her own class likely to satisfy Ernestine. He even dared to tell himself that those things which rendered him chiefly unfit for her, the acquired vulgarities of his rougher life, were things which he could put away; that a time would come when he would take his place confidently in her world, and that the end would be success. And all the while from out of the blue sky Fate was forging a thunderbolt to launch against him!

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"And now," she said, rising, "you really must take me to Lady Tresham! They will think that I am lost."

"Are you still at your rooms?" he asked.

She nodded.

"Yes, only I'm having them spring-cleaned for a few days. I am staying at Tresham House."

"May I come and see you there?"

The man's quiet pertinacity, kindled a sort of indignation in her. The sudden weakness in her defenses was unbearable.

"I think not," she answered shortly. "You don't know Lady Tresham, and they might not approve. Lady Tresham is rather old-fashioned."

"Oh, Lady Tresham is all right," he answered. "I suppose I shall see you tonight if you are staying there. They have asked me to dinner."

She was taken aback and showed it. Again he had the advantage. He did not tell her that on his return he had found scores of invitations from

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people he had never heard of before.

"You are by way of going into society, then," she answered insolently.

"I don't think I've made any particular efforts," he answered.

"Money," she murmured, "is an everlasting force!"

"The people of your world," he answered, with a flash of contempt, "are the people who find it so."

She was silent then, and Trent was far from being discouraged by her momentary irritability. He was crossing the lawn now by her side, carrying himself well, with a new confidence in his air and bearing which she did not fail to take note of. The sunlight, the music, and the pleasant air of excitement were all in his veins. He was full of the strong joy of living. And then, in the midst of it all, came a dull, crashing blow. It was as though all his castles in the air had come toppling about his ears, the blue sky had turned to stony gray and the sweet waltz music had become a dirge. Always a keen watcher of men's faces, he had glanced for a second time at a gaunt, sallow man who wore a loose check suit and a gray Homberg hat. The eyes of the two men met. Then the blood had turned to ice in Trent's veins and the ground had heaved beneath his feet. It was the one terrible chance which fate had held against him, and she had played the card.

Considering the nature and suddenness of the blow which had fallen upon him, Trent's recovery was marvelous. The two men had come face to face upon the short turf, involuntarily each had come to a standstill. Ernestine looked from one to the other a little bewildered.

"I should like a word with you, Trent," Captain Francis said quietly.

Trent nodded.

"In five minutes," he said, "I will return here—on the other side of the band-stand, say."

Francis nodded and stood aside. Trent and Ernestine continued their progress towards the stand.

"Your friend," Ernestine remarked, "seemed to come upon you like a modern Banquo."

Trent, who did not understand the allusion, was for once discreet.

"He is a man with whom I had dealings abroad," he said, "I did not expect him to turn up here."

"In West Africa?" she asked quickly.

Trent smiled enigmatically.

"There are many foreign countries besides Africa," he said, "and I've been in most of them. This is box No. 13, then. I shall see you this evening."

She nodded, and Trent was free again. He did not make his way at once to the band-stand. Instead he entered the small refreshment room at the base of the building and called for a glass of brandy. He drank it slowly, his eyes fixed upon the long row of bottles ranged upon the shelf opposite to him, he himself carried back upon a long wave of thoughts to a little West African station where the moist heat rose in fever mists and where an endless stream of men passed backward and forward to their tasks with wan, weary faces and slowly dragging limbs. What a cursed chance which had brought him once more face to face with the one weak spot in his life, the one chapter which, had he the power, he would most willingly seal forever! From outside came the ringing of a bell, the hoarse shouting of many voices in the ring, through the open door a vision of fluttering waves of color, lace parasols and picture hats, little trills of feminine laughter, the soft rustling of muslins and silks. A few moments ago it had all seemed so delightful to him—and now there lay a hideous blot upon the day.

It seemed to him when he left the little bar that he had been there for hours, as a matter of fact barely five minutes had passed since he had left Ernestine. He stood for a moment on the edge of the walk, dazzled by the sunlight, then he stepped on to the grass and made his way through the throng. The air was full of soft, gay music, and the skirts and flounces of the women brushed against him at every step. Laughter and excitement were the order of the day. Trent, with his suddenly pallid face and unseeing eyes, seemed a little out of place in such a scene of pleasure. Francis, who was smoking a cigar, looked up as he approached and made room for him upon the seat.

"I did not expect to see you in England quite so soon, Captain Francis," Trent said.

"I did not expect," Francis answered, ever to be in England again. I am told that my recovery was a miracle. I am also told that I owe my life to you!" Trent shrugged his shoulders.

"I would have done as much for any of my people," he said, "and you don't owe me any thanks. To be frank with you, I hoped you'd die."

"You could easily made sure of it," Francis answered.

"It wasn't my way," Trent answered shortly. "Now what do you want with me?"

Francis turned towards him with a curious mixture of expressions in his face.

"Look here," he said, "I want to believe in you! You saved my life and I'm not over-anxious to do you a mischief. But you must tell me what you have done with Vill—Monty."

"Don't you know where he is?" Trent asked quickly.

"I? Certainly not! How should I?"

"Perhaps not," Trent said, "but here's the truth. When I got back to Attra Monty had disappeared—run away to England, and as yet I've heard never a word of him. I'd meant to do the square thing by him and bring him back myself. Instead of that he gave us all the slip, but unless he's a lot different to what he was last time I saw him, he's not fit to be about alone."

"I heard that he had left," Francis said, "from Mr. Walsh."

"He either came quite alone," Trent said, "in which case it is odd that nothing has been heard of him, or Da Souza has got hold of him."

"Oom Sam's brother??"

Trent nodded.

"And his interest?" Francis asked.

"Well, he is a large shareholder in the company," Trent said. "Of course, he could upset us all if he liked. I should say that Da Souza would try all he could to keep him in the background until he had disposed of his shares."

"And how does your stock hold?"

"I don't know," Trent answered. "I only landed yesterday. I'm pretty certain though that there's no market for the whole of Da Souza's holding."

"He has a large interest, then?"

"A very large one," Trent answered drily.

"I should like," Francis said, "to understand this matter properly. As a matter of fact I suppose that Monty is entitled to half the purchase money you received for the company."

Trent assented.

"It isn't that I grudge him that," he said, "although, with the other financial enterprises I have gone into, I don't know how I should raise half a million of money to pay him off. But don't you see my sale of the charter to the company is itself, Monty being alive, an illegal act. The title will be wrong, and the whole affair might drift into chancery, just when a vigorous policy is required to make the venture a success. If Monty were here and in his right mind, I think we could come to terms, but, when I saw him last at any rate, he was quite incapable, and he might become a tool to anything. The Bears might get hold of him and ruin us all. In short, it's a beastly mess!"

Francis looked at him keenly.

"What do you expect me to do?" he asked.

"I have no right to expect anything," Trent said. "However, I saved your life and you may consider yourself therefore under some obligation to me. I will tell you then what I would have you do. In the first place, I know no more where he is than you do. He may be in England or he may not. I shall go to Da Souza, who probably knows. You can come with me if you like. I don't want to rob the man of a penny. He shall have all he is entitled to—only I do want to arrange terms with him quietly, and not have the thing talked about. It's as much for the others' sake as my own. The men who came into my syndicate trusted me, and I don't want them left."

Francis took a little silver case from his pocket, lit a cigaret, and smoked for a moment or two thoughtfully.

"It is possible," he said at last, "that you are an honest man. On the other hand you must admit that the balance of probability from my point of view is on the other side. Let us travel backwards a little way—to my first meeting with you. I witnessed the granting of this concession to you by the King of Bekwando. According to its wording you were virtually Monty's heir, and Monty was lying drunk in a climate where strong waters and death walk hand-in-hand. You leave him in the brush, proclaim his death, and take sole possession. I find him alive, do the best I can for him, and here the first act ends. Then what afterwards? I hear of you as an empire-maker and a millionaire. Nevertheless, Monty was alive and you knew he was alive, but when I reach Attra he has been spirited away! I want to know where! You say you don't know. It may be true, but it doesn't sound like it."

Trent's under-lip was twitching, a sure sign of the tempest within, but he kept himself under restraint and said never a word.

Francis continued: "Now I do not wish to be your enemy, Scarlett Trent, or to do you an ill turn, but this is my word to you. Produce Monty within a week and open reasonable negotiations for treating him fairly, and I will keep silent. But if you can't produce him at the end of that time I must go to his relations and lay all these things before them."

Trent rose slowly to his feet.

"Give me your address," he said, "I will do what I can."

Francis tore a leaf from his pocket-book and wrote a few words upon it.

"That will find me at any time," he said. "One moment, Trent. When I saw you first you were with a lady."

"Well!"

"I have been away from England so long," Francis continued slowly, "that my memory has suffered. Yet that lady's face was somewhat familiar. May I ask her name?"

"Miss Ernestine Wendermott," Trent answered slowly.

Francis threw away his cigaret and lit another.

"Thank you," he said.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Da Souza's office was neither furnished nor located with the idea of impressing casual visitors. It was in a back street off an alley, and although within a stone's throw of Lothbury its immediate surroundings were not exhilarating. A black wall faced it, a green grocer's shop shared with a wonderful, cellar-like public house the honor of its more immediate environment. Trent, whose first visit it was, looked about him with surprise mingled with some disgust.

He pushed open the swing door and found himself face to face with Da Souza's one clerk—a youth of unkempt appearance, shabbily but flashily dressed, with sallow complexion and eyes set close together. He was engaged at that particular moment in polishing a large diamond pin upon the sleeve of his coat, which operation he suspended to gaze with much astonishment at this unlooked-for visitor. Trent had come straight from Ascot, straight indeed from his interview with Francis, and was still wearing his racing glasses.

"I wish to see Mr. Da Souza," Trent said. "Is he in?"

"I believe so, sir," the boy answered. "What name?"

"Trent! Mr. Scarlett Trent!"

The door of an inner office opened, and Da Souza, sleek and curled, presented himself. He showed all his white teeth in the smile with which he welcomed his visitor. The light of battle was in his small, keen eyes, in his cringing bow, his mock humility.

"I am most honored, Mr. Trent, sir," he declared. "Welcome back to England. When did you return?"

"Yesterday," Trent said shortly.

"And you have come," Da Souza continued fresh from the triumphs of the race course. It is so, I trust?"

"I have come straight from Ascot," Trent replied, "but my horse was beaten if that is what you mean. I did not come here to talk about racing though. I want a word with you in private."

"With much pleasure, sir," Da Souza answered, throwing open with a little flourish the door of his sanctum. "Will you step in? This way! The chair is dusty. Permit me!"

Trent threw a swift glance around the room in which he found himself. It was barely furnished, and a window, thick with dust, looked out on the dingy backwall of a bank or some public building. The floor was uncovered, the walls were hung with yellow maps of gold mines all in the West African district. Da Souza himself, spick and spin, with glossy boots and a flower in his buttonhole, was certainly the least shabby thing in the room.

"You know very well," Trent said, "what I have come about. Of course you pretend you don't, so to save time I'll tell you. What have you done with Monty?"

Da Souza spread outwards the palms of his hands. He spoke with well affected impatience.

"Monty! Always Monty! What do I want with him? It is you who should look after him, not I."

Trent turned quietly around and locked the door. Da Souza would have called out, but a paroxyism of fear had seized him. His fat, white face was pallid, and his knees were shaking. Trent's hand fell upon his shoulder, and Da Souza felt as though the claws of a trap had gripped him.

"If you call out I'll throttle you," Trent said. "Now listen. Francis is in England, and, unless Monty is produced, will tell the whole story. I shall do the best I can for all of us, but I'm not going to have Monty done to death. Come, let's have the truth."

Da Souza was gray now with a fear greater even than a physical one. He had been so near wealth. Was he to lose everything?

"Mr. Trent," he whispered, "my dear friend, have reason. Monty, I tell you, is only half alive. he hangs on, but it is a mere thread of life. Leave it all to me! Tomorrow he shall be dead!—oh, quite naturally. There shall be no risk! Trent, Trent!"

His cry ended in a gurgle, for Trent's hand was on his throat.

"Listen, you miserable hound," he whispered. "Take me to him this moment, or I'll shake the life out of you. Did you ever know me to go back from my word?"

Da Souza took up his hat wtih an ugly oath and yielded. The two men left the office together.

* * * * * * *

"Listen!"

The two women sat in silence, waiting for some repetition of the sound. This time there was certainly no possibility of any mistake. From the room above their heads came the feeble, quavering sobbing of an old man. Julie threw down her book and sprang up.

"Mother, I cannot bear it any longer," she cried. "I know where the key is, and I am going into that room."

Mrs. Dr. Souza's portly frame quivered with excitement.

"My child," she pleaded, "don't Julie, do remember! Your father will know, and then—oh, I shall be frightened to death!"

"It is nothing to do with you, mother," the girl said, "I am going."

Mrs. Da Souza produced a capacious pocket-handkerchief, reeking with scent, and dabbed her eyes with it. From the days when she too had been like Julie, slim and pretty, she had been every hour in dread of her husband. Long ago her spirit had been broken and her independence subdued. To her friends and confidents no word save of pride and love for her husband had ever passed her lips, yet now as she watched her daughter she was conscious of a wild, passionate wish that her fate at least might be a different one. And while she mopped her eyes and looked backward, Julie disappeared.

Even Julie, as she ascended the stairs with the key of the locked room in her hand, was conscious of unusual tremors. If her position with regard to her father was not the absolute condition of serfdom into which her mother had been ground down, she was at least afraid of him, and she remembered the strict commands he had laid upon them all. The room was not to be open save by himself. All cries and entreaties were to be disregarded, everyone was to behave as though that room did not exist. They had borne it already for days, the heart-stirring moans, the faint, despairing cries of the prisoner, and she could bear it no longer. She had a tender little heart, and from the first it had been moved by the appearance of the pitiful old man, leaning so heavily upon her father's arm, as they had come up the garden walk together. She made up her mind to satisfy herself at least that his isolation was of his own choice. So she went boldly up the stairs and thrust the key into the lock. A moment's hestitation then she threw it open.

Her first impulse, when she had looked into the face of the man who stumbled up in fear at her entrance, was to then and there abandon her enterprise—for Monty, just then was not a pleasant sight to look upon. The room was foul with the odor of spirits and tobacco smoke. Monty himself was unkempt and unwashed, his eyes were bloodshot, and he had fallen half across the table with the gesture of a drunken man. At the sight of him her pity died away. After all, then, the sobbing they had heard was the maudlin crying of a drunken man. Yet he was very old, and there was something about the childish, breathless fear with which he was regarding her which made her hesitate. She lingered instead, and finding him tongue-tied, spoke to him.

"We heard you talking to yourself downstairs," she said, "and we were afraid that you might be in pain."

"Ah," he muttered, "that is all, then! There is no one behind you—no one who wants me!"

"There is no one in the house," she assured him, "save my mother and myself."

He drew a little breath which ended in a sob.

"You see," he said vaguely, "I sit up here hour by hour, and I think that I fancy things. Only a little while ago I fancied that I heard Mr. Walsh's voice, and he wanted the mission-box, the wooden box with the cross, you know. I keep on thinking I hear him. Stupid, isn't it?"

He smiled weakly, and his bony fingers stole around the tumbler which stood by his side. She shook her head at him smiling, and crossed over to him. She was not afraid any more.

"I wouldn't drink if I were you," she said, "it can't be good for you, I'm sure!"

"Good," he answered slowly, "it's poison—rank poison."

"If I were you," she said, "I would put all this stuff away and go for a nice walk. It would do you much more good."

He shook his head.

"I daren't," he whispered. "They're looking for me now. I must hide—hide all the time!"

"Who are you looking for?" she asked.

"Don't you know? Mr. Walsh and his wife! They have come over after me!"

"Why?"

"Didn't you know," he muttered, "that I am a thief?"

She shook her head.

"No, I certainly didn't. I'm very sorry!"

He nodded his head vigorously a great many times.

"Won't you tell me about it?" she asked. "Was it anything very bad?"

"I don't know," he said. "It's so hard to remember! It is something like this! I seem to have lived for such a long time, and when I look back I can remember things that happened a very long time ago, but then there seems a gap, and everything is all misty, and it makes my head ache dreadfully to try and remember," he moaned.

"Then don't try," she said kindly. "I'll read to you for a little time if you like, and you shall sit quite quiet."

He seemed not to have heard her. He continued presently:

"Once before I died, it was all I wanted. Just to have heard her speak, to have seen my little girl grown into a woman, and the sea was always there, and Oom Sam would always come with that cursed rum. Then one day came Trent and talked of money and spoke of England, and when he went away it rang for ever in my ears, and at night I heard her calling for me across the sea. So I stole out, and the great steamer was lying there with red fires at her funnel, and I was mad. She was crying for me across the sea, so I took the money!"

She patted his hand gently. There was a lump in her throat, and her eyes were wet.

"Was it your daughter you wanted so much to see?" she asked softly.

"My daughter! My little girl," he answered. "And I heard her calling to me with her mother's voice across the sea. So I took the money."

"No one would blame you very much for that, I am sure," she said cheerfully. "You are frightening yourself needlessly. I will speak to father, and he shall help you."

He held up his hand.

"He is hiding me," he whispered. "It is through him I knew that they were after me. I don't mind for myself, but she might get to know, and I have brought disgrace enough upon her. Listen!"

There were footsteps upon the stairs. He clung to her in an agony of terror.

"They are coming!" he cried. "Hide me! Oh, hide me!"

But she, too, was almost equally terrified, for she had recognized her father's tread. The door was thrown open and Da Souza entered, followed by Scarlett Trent.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The old man and the girl were equally terrified, both without cause. Da Souza forgot for a moment to be angry at his daughter's disobedience, and was quick to see that her presence there was all to his advantage. Monty, as white as death, was stricken dumb to see Trent. He sank back gasping into a chair. Trent came up to him iwth outstretched hands and with a look of keen pity in his hard face.

"Monty, old chap," he said, "what on earth are you scared at? Don't you know I'm glad to see you? Didn't I come to Attra to get you back to England? Shake hands, partner. I've got lots of money for you and good news."

Monty's hand was limp and cold, his eyes were glazed and expressionless. Trent looked at the half-empty bottle by his side and turned savagely to Da Souza.

"You blackguard!" he said in a low tone, "you wanted to kill him, did you? Don't you know that to shut him up here and ply him with brandy is as much murder as though you stood with a knife at his throat?"

"He goes mad without something to drink," Da Souza muttered.

"He'll go mad fast enough with a bottle of brandy within reach, and you know it," Trent answered fiercely. "I am going to take him away from here."

Da Souza was no longer cringing. He shrugged his shoulders and thrust his fat little hands into his trousers pockets.

"Very well," he said darkly, "you go your own way. You won't take my advice. I've been a city man all my life, and I know a thing or two. You bring Monty to the general meeting of the Bekwando company and explain his position, and I tell you, you'll have the whole market toppling about your ears. No concern of mine, of course. I have got rid of a few of my shares, and I'll work a few more off before the crash. But what about you? What about Scarlett Trent, the millionaire?"

"I can afford to lose a bit," Trent answered quietly. "I'm not afraid."

Da Souza laughed a little hysterically.

"You think you're a financial genius, I suppose," he said, "because you've brought a few things off. Why, you don't know the A B C of the thing. I tell you this, my friend. A company like the Bekwando company is very much like a woman's reputation; drop a hint or two, start just a bit of talk, and I tell you the flames'll soon do the work."

Trent turned his back upon him.

"Monty," he said, "you aren't afraid to come with me?"

Monty looked at him, perplexed and troubled.

"You've nothing to be afraid of," Trent continued. "As to the money at Mr. Walsh's house, I settled that all up with him before I left Attra. It belonged to you really, for I'd left more than that for you."

"There is no one, then," Monty asked in a slow, painful whisper, "who will put me in prison?"

"I give you my word, Monty," Trent declared, "that there is not a single soul who has any idea of the sort."

"You see, it isn't that I mind," Monty continued in a low, quivering voice, "but there's my little girl! My real name might come out, and I wouldn't have her know what I've been for anything."

"She shall not know," Trent said. "I'll promise you'll be perfectly safe with me."

Monty rose up weakly. His knees were shaking, and he was in a pitiful state. He cast a sidelong glance at the brandy bottle by his side, and his hand stole out towards it. But Trent stopped him gently but firmly.

"Not now, Monty," he said, "you've had enough of that!"

"The man's hand dropped to his side. He looked into Trent's face, and the years seemed to fade away into a mist.

"You were always a hard man, Scarlett Trent," he said. "You were always hard on me!"

"May be so," Trent answered, "yet you'd have died in D. T. before now but for me! I kept you from it as far as I could. I'm going to keep you from it now!"

Monty turned a woebegone face around the little room.

"I don't know," he said; "I'm comfortable here, and I'm too old, Trent, to live your life. I'd begin again, Trent, I would indeed, if I were ten years younger. It's too late now! I couldn't live a day without something to keep up my strength!"

"He's quite right, Trent," Da Souza put in hastily. "He's too old to start afresh now. He's comfortable here and well looked after; make him an allowance, or give him a good lump sum in lieu of all claims. I'll draw it out; you sign it, won't you, Monty? Be reasonable, Trent! It's the best course for all of us!"

But Trent shook his head. "I have made up my mind," he said. "He must come with me. Monty, there is the little girl!"

"Too late," Monty moaned; "look at me!"

"But if you could leave her a fortune, make her magnificent presents?"

Monty wavered then. His dull eyes shone once more!

"If I could do that," he murmured.

"I pledge you my word that you shall," Trent answered.

Monty rose up.

"I am ready," he said simply. "Let us start at once."

Da Souza planted himself in front of them.

"You defy me!" he said. "You will not trust him with me or take my advice. Very well, my friend! Now listen! You want to ruin me! Well, if I go, the Bekwando company shall go too, you understand! Ruin for me shall mean ruin for Mr. Scarlett Trent—ah, ruin and disgrace. It shall mean imprisonment if I can bring it about, and I have friends! Don't you know that you are guilty of fraud? You sold what wasn't yours and put the money in your pocket! You left your partner to rot in a fever swamp, or to be done to death by those filthy blacks. The law will call that swindling! You will find yourself in the dock, my friend, in the prisoner's dock, I say! Come, how do you like that, Mr. Scarlett Trent? If you leave this room with him, you are a ruined man. I shall see to it."

Trent swung him out of the way—a single contemptuous turn of the wrist, and Da Souza reeled against the mantelpiece. He held out his hand to Monty and they left the room together.

(To Be Continued.

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Fortunes of Embroidery.

London Globe.

An old Parisian firm which deals in embroideries and supplied artistic needlework to the court of Louis XVI is still in possession of the accounts of former centuries, and an inspection of these books reveals some interesting facts. Napoleon I was economical as compared with the Empress Josephine, but his bills were considerable. The embroidery on the coronation robe cost 10,500 francs and an embroidered coat 3,500. This coat became too small for him after he had worn it a year, and he ordered pieces of cloth to be inserted at the seams and covered with embroidery.

The bill for the first Napoleon's throne amounted to 53,970 francs. The outer drapery of purple velvet trimmed with gold lace cost 10,200 francs. The red velvet panels were strewn with embroidered golden bees at five francs apiece. The inner drapery of blue satin with gold lace was 9,600 francs and the gold embroidered stripes for the inner trimming cost 8,500 francs. The embroidery on the blue velvet cushion cost 8,020 francs, and the foot cushion 1,200. In addition there were 1,050 bees embroidered on the panels of the canopy at a cost of 5,250 francs.

28,000 Women Stockholders.

New York Times.

Nearly half of the $9,437,839 which the Pennsylvania railroad is distributing as the semiannual dividend on its $214,594,650 of capital stock will go to women, it appears from the stock list of the company. There are now 58,739 stockholders of the Pennsylvania railroad, whose average holdings are 107 shares. Of these about 28,000, or 47 per cent, are women, who, the figures show, own a total of over $148,000,000 of Pennsylvania stock. The November dividend last year was paid to 52,622 stockholders. The increase since then has been 6,117, or at the rate of 20 new stockholders in the Pennsylvania railroad for each business day of the past twelve months.

China's Grand Canal.

North China Daily News.

The junction of the real canal with the Wei river was not by means of a lock, but simply a high and steeply sloping mud bank, over which the grain vessels had to be dragged by the force of perhaps many hundred of men. It should be borne in mind that in China the lock of a canal is not much more like our idea of what that name connotes than it is like a padlock. Amid constant and often serious changes of level, with an uncertain and not infrequently a scanty supply of water, and with a grain fleet which traveled in blocks of some 80 vessels under one officer, it was necessary to devise some way for keeping them together and transferring them as a consolidated unit with this in view.

For this reason a Chinese lock on the grand canal is nothing but a stone gateway into which large boards may be lowered through a groove in the stones, restraining most of the water from its flow, until there is a depth sufficient to float all the craft, when the boards are pulled up and the entire fleet passes through.

After this the boards are again lowered for another division of the grain boats. In case the water gives out—a by no means unlikely occurrence—there is nothing to do but wait until more comes from somewhere.

Rebuke.

The world is old and the world is cold,
And never a day is fair, I said,
Out of the heavens the sunlight rolled,
The green leaves rustled above my head,
And the sea was a sea of gold.

The world is cruel, I said again,
Her voice is harsh to my shrinking ear,
And the nights are dreary and full of pain.
Out of the darkness, sweet and clear,
There rippled a tender strain:—

Rippled the song of a bird asleep,
That sang in a dream of the budding wood,
Of shining fields where the reapers reap,
Of a wee brown mate and a nestling brood,
And the grass where the berries peep.

The world is false though the world be fair,
And never a heart is pure, I said.
And lo! the clinging of white arms bare,
The innocent gold of my baby's head,
And the lisp of a childish prayer.

—Ina Donna Coolbirth.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

GOD, AND SOME MEN

The International Sunday School Lesson for December 27 Is a Review. Prov. 4:23.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

The Colonel, lately returned from the Far East, was speaking of the changed sentiment at Washington, since he held a post there which gave him national reputation. "I tell you," he declared, "the government at Washington has learned that there is a God Almighty."

That was rather a graphic way of expressing the deeper meaning of the new sense of idealism which has come over the United States, and over the whole of Christendom, of recent years. Everywhere it is felt that the hand of God is in our marvellous contemporary history, even as it was in the history of ancient Israel. And that is the lesson of these lessons. When we review this course of Old Testament studies we find, looming above all else, the truth for our own times, that the God of nations still sits on his throne, dealing with peoples as well as with individuals. When we look back upon these troublous beginnings of Israel's history we find that, even as today,

"Behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above His own."

What Makes Men Great.

It is a procession of persons, rather than a panorama of history, that a contemplation of these lessons calls to mind. Six months of study has covered three reigns in the kingdom's history, and its greatest epochs. Now, as we leave the Old Testament for a year of work in the New, we recall how God has been the period considered, and how few the principal actors therein. In addition to the three kings, Saul, David and Solomon, we have the great king-maker and prophet, Samuel, the fearless Nathan, and the princes, Jonathan, Absalom and Adonijah. Take this list of names and it is at once made plain that the men were small or great, according to their relations with Jehovah. Another illustration of the oft-neglected truth that a man's religion is the most important fact about him. Literally, it matters less what a man owns or does, than what he believes. His faith is of more importance than his fortune. The king on his throne, like Saul and David and Solomon, and the peasant at his plow, are made or unmade by their religious convictions. What says the quarter's golden text? "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." Well for the nation which learns, as the Colonel remarked at the breakfast table, that "there is a God!" for only on the foundation of this living faith can a people be worthy society. States and men are great only in proportion to their possession of God.

Some Selfish Sovereigns.

Some day the world—the little world which knows us—is going to sit in judgment upon our failure or success, even as we now sit in judgment upon these ancient Hebrew kings. In the clear light of history, we see that of the great trinumvirate, David and Solomon had the best chance. Saul ascended the throne amid the huzzas of a united, enthusiastic and expectant people. Solomon, by no effort of his own, entered upon a heritage made ready for him by the wars and heartbreaks of his father, David. Both kings failed. Why?

The answer is so simple, so commonplace, that its tremendous significance is likely to be overlooked. They were selfish—with just the plain, ordinary, everyday sort of selfishness which makes you and me lose the best piece of celery from the dish, or rush for the first seat in the dining car, or the best place at the bargain counter; or that prompts us to allow mother or wife or sister to wait on us and sacrifice for us; or that makes us enter upon courses of life in the church relations of life with the thought of our own personal advantage uppermost. That was Saul's sort, and, in a worse degree, Solomon's sort. They missed the mark because they were looking out for number one. The old proverb that when every man is for himself the devil is behind hindmost is utterly wrong; when it is "every man for himself," then the devil gets the foremost. The chief in selfishness is the worst failure.

Our Day's New Spirit

Sheer egotism wrecked Solomon and Saul. They were looking out for themselves, for their own power and glory and well-being rather than for the welfare of the kingdom. The cardinal sin is simply selfishness. A business man was talking about a preacher who is candidate for a certain pulpit, and said: "Oh, he is all right, except he is utterly selfish." "All right!" exclaimed his friend; "I say he is all wrong. There is no heresy so great as selfishness; it utterly invalidates his Gospel. A selfish man has absolutely no business in the pulpit; he cannot sincerely preach the message of Jesus." Selfishness is the supreme sin, and unselfishness is the supreme Christliness.

This new socialistic trend of our own times is an expression of the spirit of Jesus. The day's battle of altruism against self-interest is the war of Christ against all allied forces of evil. And, by the example of Saul, Solomon, and ten thousand others like them, we know that the selfish is doom to failure. The might of Saul and the wisdom of Solomon could not save them from a shameful end, because their hearts were fixed upon themselves.

The Poet's Heart.

Over against the other two kings of the story must be placed David, big, blundering, penitent David. Why is he the greatest of the three, when he sinned worse than either? He had not Saul's native regalness nor Solomon's wisdom; and he saw the kingdom torn by internal factions and rebellion and by outward wars. Yet out of the dryness of dire history, he emerges in warm humanness, and we love him. Despite his failures and most grievous iniquities, he was headed right. For every drop of sin's indulgence that he quaffed, he drank deeply of the cup of remorse. To borrow a phrase from the old doctor's, his trouble was functional, and not organic. His heart meant right. He loved and served his nation supremely, second only to his love and service of Jehovah.

Two poems figured in the quarter's lessons. One was David's heart-cry for forgiveness, and theother his expression of trust in the shepherdly care of God. There spoke the real David. He learned in suffering what he taught in song. He lived his life in relation to God. To see David clearly we must look at him on the Godward side. He did not build a great temple; but he lived a great life. He did not always sit securely on his throne, but he never ceased to be a deep lover of his people. He, of all men, has most perfectly expressed in song the profound reality of God.

Lord Nordcliffe, the celebrated London publisher, remarked to a New York reporter the other day the dearth of great writers on both sides of the Atlantic. There are plenty of facile pens, but no great voices speaking through the printed page. Men and women are not taking the time, or paying the price, to enter into the heart of humanity, or into the heart of God. In no other way does great writing, or great living come. The message for our own times is one with the message from ancient Israel; that the only greatness is to realize God tremendously.

Vanity in Six Nations.

Chicago Tribune.

The Tahiti girl, to acquire a flat, broad nose, sleeps with a compress on ...

The Arab woman paints her brows so as to give them the appearance of meeting above her nose.

Belles of certain Amazonian tribes have cone-shaped skulls, which are obtained by wearing a mold on the head from babyhood until maturity.

The Turkish woman imparts a faint bluish tint to nails and teeth.

The ladies of Macassar paint their teeth red and yellow alternately.

The Paraguay girl eradicates her eyebrows, declaring that she does not wish to resemble a whiskered man.

The Farmstead

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

I have heard that clover seed is used as a coloring matter. Can anybody tell me how used and for what coloring?—M., Angola, Ind.

The Wildgoose Plum.

H., Bolivar, Tenn.: The wildgoose plum is a large red, sweet plum, very fine flavor and a good bearer. I have some very fine bearing trees.—O., Greentown, Ind.

NUX VOMICA AND CHICKENS

Manchester, Va.: Nux vomica seeds and bark yield strychnine, which is fed to chickens for the purpose of killing any unlucky hawk who may catch them. The nux vomica, or strychnine, is said not to injure the chickens thus converted into hawk traps. How long it will remain in the chicken I don't know, but I guess I shouldn't want to eat that chicken short of 1,000 years.—G., Arkport, N. Y.

BOURBON RED TURKEYS

I see in Farmsted a request for information concerning bourbon red turkeys, and I enclose an article describing them. I wrote it a year ago.

I am rather an enthusiast on turkeys, and bourbon red turkeys in particular, as they are so easy to raise. I used to breed the old-fashioned bronze turkey, which, if one succeeds in raising and keeping from running wild in the woods before fall, is a slightly larger turkey than is the bourbon red, but I had to look so far ahead for the nests to find the eggs, and the little turkeys were so hard to raise, that it was a discouraging task.

Finally, just as I had made up my mind to quit raising turkeys, a friend told me about bourbon reds and their various good qualities, and I decided to try them. I have never regretted it. I find bourbon red turkeys are easy to raise, easy to keep and hard to equal. They are as domesticated as the ordinary barnyard f

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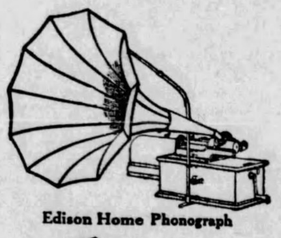

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WEBSTER ONCE A COOK ABOARD THE "FRIEND"

Recently there came into the possession of a Boston collector of marine paintings a picture representing the pilot boat Friend.

This vessel was in the fleet of Boston pilot boats before the war. Indeed, she dated from 1847, and her service off that port, in fair weather and foul, summer and winter, carried her successfully through nearly a quarter of a century. When she had outlived her usefulness as a pilot boat and larger schooners had made her obsolete in the service, she was sold and entered other fields of usefulness.

One of the most interesting facts about the Friend is that she was used by Daniel Webster and his associates in recreation for their outings down Boston harbor, of which they had many. On those occasions Webster made the fish chowder, which was always the chief dish in the noon dinner of a day's cruise.

In her early days yachting as it exists today was hardly known. Not more than half a dozen Boston men owned yachts, and it was customary for business and professional men who wished to sail down the bay, with the pleasures of fishing and fish chowder included, to form a party and hire a pilot boat.

James L. Fowler, one of the owners of the Friend, was popular with the merchants of Boston, whose valuable cargoes he often guided safely into port, and under his management the Friend had first call whenever she could be hired for a pleasure cruise.

Aristocratic Excursions.

On such a day hampers were packed in the kitchens of fine old mansions of Franklin street, Temple place, Winter street, or Pemberton square, and the merchant prince out for a day's fishing off Boston Light took his provisions into his phaeton with him and drove to the dock, where the party boarded the pilot boat.

When Webster was to be one of the party a run was made, by arrangement, to the south shore, where he was picked up at some point within convenient reach of his Marshfield home.

Greatness laid aside its dignity on the Friend, and many a jolly day was spent on her decks in which the cares of weighty affairs were forgotten.

The pilots in those days were better known, individually, than now. Each one on the Friend had his list of acquaintances anxious to go out on her, and many celebrities of the time in different walks of life sailed on her.

Possibly the most distinguished company she ever carried consisted of Longfellow, Lowell, Professor Agassiz and a few of their intimates. Unfortunately no record remains of that striking gathering of genius afloat.

The stage, at a later date, was also often represented on the Friend by such distinguished persons as Edwin Forrest, Mr. and Mrs. Barry, Warren, the comedian, and leading men and women in the stock companies that then flourished in Boston.

But the services of the Friend were more often for business than for pleasure. In the literature of Boston shipping in the 50's she is frequently mentioned. She met some of the most famous of the clipper ships when they returned from voyages in the Far East, and many a rich cargo destined for the Perkins, the Forbes, the Sturgis, or the Beacon houses were brought safely into port by pilots from the Friend.

Weathered Many Storms.

In winter her service was often perilous, and sailors today may marvel that so small a vessel—she was but 60 feet long—should have weathered the many storms in which she kept the sea.

One of the pilots who served on her was Captain James M. Dolliver, whose son, Captain Watson S. Dolliver, also a pilot, has numerous documents relating to his father's services in the Friend, and a heavy gold medal bearing the profile of Queen Victoria, which was presented to him by the British government for "gallantry and humanity" in rescuing the captain of the topsail schooner Caroline, of Brixham, from the wreck of his vessel below Boston Light in a severe gale February 2, 1859.

Captain Dolliver's original medal was stolen from him, and was replaced by another at the request of Lord John Russell, prime minister, in consideration of the exceptional circumstances attending the act for which it was bestowed.

The Friend had stood by the wreck in a terrific sea, and Captain Dolliver had launched the canoe and taken off the captain when it was not thought a boat could live. Witnesses of this heroic work, besides the pilot boat's crew, were Judge Russell, of the Boston Police Court, and Mrs. Russell (a daughter of Father Taylor, the famous sailor missionary), who were making a cruise on the Friend.

One terrible experience of Captain Dolliver while serving on the Friend illustrates the perils of the pilot service. On January 15, 1861, the Friend spoke the ship Flying Dragon, New Orleans to Boston. A gale had been blowing for a week from southeast, with snow squalls, and a high and broken sea was heaving into the bay. Captain Dolliver stood forward of the main rigging while hailing the ship, when the foresail broke loose and struck him, throwing him into the sea.

Weighing 220 pounds and encumbered with heavy clothing and sea boots, he seemed to have little chance of being rescued for he was soon far astern of the Friend, but he struck out valiantly. Maneuvering the schooner to pick him up was dangerous work, and long before she could be brought near him he had prepared himself to die. After a struggle, in which he showed incredible endurance, the Friend's canoe succeeded in reaching him. He could not get into it, but putting his arms over the stern, he was towed alongside, a bowline was slipped under his arms and he was hoisted aboard, more dead than alive.

Launched in 1847.

The sailor will find many points about the Friend of interest. She was built by Daniel D. Kelley, of East Boston, and was launched in the spring of 1847, her original papers bearing date of May 5 of that year. Her length was 60 feet 9 inches, breadth 17 feet 9 inches, and depth 7 feet 4 inches. She registered 68 tons.

Her spars raked aft, after the manner of the day, and her mastheads, boom and gaffs were painted white, a practice then followed in most schooners, but long since abandoned. As late as 1851 it was considered so much the fashion that the schooner yacht America went to England, on her famous cup hunting voyage, with mastheads painted white.

Her rig was simple and her canvas was generally confined to jib, foresail and mainsail. The foresail was loose footed, or what sailors call a "lug." On occasion she set a maintopsail, and she had a big staysail for use in light weather. The pilots liked to crack out sail as well then as they do now, and very often the schooner's "kites" were set in an effort to show her heels to some other craft.

For many years the Friend had a considerable reputation for speed, and whenever a new schooner was brought out for use as a packet, coaster or yacht her owners hastened to try conclusions with the Friend.

Even the schooners built here for the opium trade in China, and there were several such, tried their teeth on the Friend before starting on their voyage to the Orient, where they outsailed pirates and official craft and won wealth for their Boston owners.

The Friend was popular with the pilots, and two of the men who set foot on her deck are still alive and active in that fraternity.

They are C. E. Stearns, manager of the Boston pilots' office, at Lewis wharf, and Captain William Abbott, a veteran pilot still engaged in guiding large craft in and out of Boston harbor.

Received Tender Care.

Mr. Stearns, when a young man, used to carry supplies aboard the Friend and recalls that her head bookkeeper was so proud of her he would not bring her alongside a wharf, as the custom was, to fit out, but would lie in the stream, in order that her paint might not be marred.

At one time in her career she was painted bright red, which made her marked among the shipping of the port wherever she went and from afar.

Captain Abbott was a boatkeeper on the Friend in 1858 and recalls her perfectly. He says she had no bulwarks in those days, but was flush decked, "rough tree," that is, light stanchions carrying a removable rail, being used in their place.

This was for convenience in launching the "canoe" in which the pilots cut off to board vessels.

A section of the light rail could be removed and the boat shoved out between the stanchions as the schooner rolled to a sea.

"We sent only one man with a pilot in those days," said Captain Abott, recalling the Friend, "not two, as now, and he rowed crosshanded. Any old sailor will recall how that was done. You don't see it practised now. There was a knack in it, and greater power was secured by extra leverage on the oar handles."

When the canoe came back to the pilot boat, after placing the pilot on his ship, a favorable roll was awaited and it was slid on deck without hoisting. Fewer boats were smashed in those days than now.

This practice accounted in part for the low sides of the pilot schooners of that period. It was not until the schooners were sent off shore, beyond Cape Cod, to meet incoming ships that high sides and bulwarks were considered necessary to give them additional seagoing power.

Fewer men were required to handle the Friend than are numbered in the crew of a pilot boat today. She had but two boatkeepers and a steward, whereas the modern boat carries five men.

The Friend was one of last of the low sided, straight sheared schooners built in the forties for the Boston pilots. —New York Herald.

An Innovation in Roads.

Harper's Weekly.

During the last few years much interest has been taken in the crusade for good roads, and in many parts of the country model stretches of highway have been constructed by "good roads" commissions to serve as examples to the natives of each locality. Much valuable instruction has been imparted in this manner, but apparently no plan discovered for overcoming the difficulties of road building in a sandy soil. It remained for a Minnesota man to adopt a new method of construction suitable for such a condition.

George W. Cooley, state highway engineer, of Minnesota, has designed a road that is serviceable, in spite of a sandy foundation. A section of his new construction is located at Cambridge, in Isanti county. In this district there is nothing but sand for a top soil, and it is impossible to preserve a road without adding some other material. Mr. Cooley finally decided that sawdust was the component necessary, and a four-inch layer of this was raked into a stretch of road which had been carefully graded. Passing teams thoroughly ground together this mixture, and whenever ruts were worn into the surface they were filled with fresh sawdust. The fine particles of wood gradually rot, forming a heavy loam with the sand, and the result is a firm roadbed, suitable to all ordinary traffic.

Milking in Antiseptic Stables

Hopkins Adams says of Copenhagen's pure milk supply:

"The conforming dairy farms are required to be and are models of cleanliness. The stables are specially built, in most cases, and are kept like a New England kitchen. The cattle themselves are groomed, before milking, like horses for a show ring, and if this seems to smack of meticulous precision at first thought, it must be remembered that an ungroomed cow may, while being milked, shake filth or hairs into the milk receptacle. No dry-sweeping in the stables is permitted, to fill the air with possible germs and inevitable dirt. The milkers are dressed in special costumes, frequently changed, and there are always soap, water and towels convenient to the milking room, which the milking force is expected to use frequently. Immediately after milking, the milk is strained, poured into the sterilized receptacles provided by the society, cooled to five degrees centigrade, and set in a cold chamber. By arrangement with the railroads special cars are ready at hand, and the product is shipped to the society's headquarters in Copenhagen, a private track bringing it to the doors of the great central building. Usually the milk reaches the consumer before it is twelve hours old always before it is twenty-four hours old."

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1.—Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do 2.—Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. 3.—The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything or sell anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4.—We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5.—We will not answer any questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6.—Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers, we will reply in print, but never by mail.

JOHN BROWN

Please give a sketch of John Brown. —R. G., Delight, Ark.

John Brown was the leader of the Harper's Ferry insurrection in 1859. He designed to incite the slaves of the southern states to rebellion, was a descendant from a Puritan carpenter, one of the Mayflower's load. He was born at Lorrington, Ct., in 1800. In 1854, having imbibed an intense hatred for slavery, he went to Kansas, in order to vote, and, if need were, fight against the establishment of slavery in that territory. In many of the conflicts which ensued between the pro-slavery party from Missouri and the free settlers, Brown took a prominent part, and in one of these he had a son killed, a circumstance which deepened his hostility against the southern party. After the agitation in Kansas was settled by a general vote, he traveled through the southern and western states, declaiming against slavery, and endeavoring to organize an armed attack upon it. In October, 1859, at the head of seventeen white men and five blacks, he commenced active hostilities by descent upon Harper's Ferry, a town of 5,000 inhabitants, at the confluence of the Potomac and Shenandoah, and possessed of arsenal of from 100,000 to 200,000 stand of arms. The arsenal was easily captured and forty or fifty of the principal inhabitants were made prisoners, but instead of retreating to the mountains with arms and hostages, as his original design had been, Brown lingered in the town until evening, by which time 1,500 militiamen had arrived. Brown was captured, and shortly after was tried for treason, and executed in 1859.

COLOR OF DIAMONDS

Please give the colors and shapes of diamonds before they are cut.—W. V. F., Dexter, Ia.

Diamonds are of many different shapes before they are cut. They are generally colorless, but sometimes tinged with pink, red, orange, yellow, green, blue, brown or black. Blue, red and green are exceedingly rare colors.

PLUTARCH

Will you print a brief biography of Plutarch?—B. R., Bloomington, Ind.

Plutarch, a Greek writer, was born about 46 A. D., and died about 125. He studied philosophy under Ammonius in 66 A. D. During the reign of Vespasian, Plutarch lived in Rome, giving lectures in philosophy and collecting material for his "Lives." He spent his later years at Chaeronea, where he had a priesthood and was also an archon and building-inspector. His "Parallel Lives of Illustrious Greeks and Romans" is the work to which he owes his fame. The lives are written in pairs, one Greek and one Roman, followed by comparison of the two, which in some instances is wanting. A few of the "Lives" themselves are lost. In these "Lives" Plutarch is said to have quoted 250 authors, the works of many of whom are lost. The work is chiefly intended for the illustrations of character, and as he makes use of incidents for this purpose without regard to their relative value, it is only partially serviceable for historical purposes. Knowledge of his work was long considered indispensable to culture, because it contributes more, perhaps, along certain lines to the knowledge of the ancient world than does any other work.

QUINTILIANUS

Please give a short biography of Quintilianus.—T. L. B., Bloomington, Ind.

Quintilianus, the Roman rhetorician, was born probably between 35 and 40 A. D., and died about 118. He was educated at Rome and about 69 began to practice as an advocate. Later he became a teacher of rhetoric. Domitian bestowed on him the consular rank. His great work, "Institutio Oratoria," was written about 93, and embraces a statement of his theory of education, together with a discussion of the principles, scope, and matter of oratory.

GAME AND FISH LAWS

Please give the game and fish laws of Ohio. Is a person allowed to hunt with a dog?—J. F. N., New Weston, O.

The open seasons for game and fishing are as follows:

Quail from November 15 to December 4, both inclusive.

Woodcock or Carolina dove, from September 1 to December 4, inclusive.

Wild duck, wild geese, rail, shore bird, plover, snipe, wild swan, coot or mud hen, from September 1 to December 31, inclusive. Spring, from March 1 to April 20, inclusive.

Ruffled grouse, Mongolian pheasant, ring-necked or other pheasant, not before 1913, and from November 15 to December 4, inclusive, thereafter.

Rabbit, from November 15 to December 4, inclusive (with gun).

Squirrel from October 1 to October 31, inclusive.

Raccoon, from November 1 to March 1, inclusive.

Black bass cannot be caught in the inland fishing district from May 1 to 31, both inclusive, in the Lake Erie district, from May 25 to July 15, both inclusive.

It is unlawful to sell, offer for sale, expose for sale or barter away, rock bass, strawberry or calico bass, croppies, blue gills or sunfish, whether caught in the state or outside of the state.

It is unlawful to buy, sell, offer for sale, expose for sale, quail, wild duck or any other game bird or any squirrel, at any time, whether killed in the state or elsewhere.

A person is allowed to hunt with a dog at any time during the open season.

ESSEN

Are the Krupp gun works located in Prussia or Germany? I cannot find Essing on the map.—A. V. D., Cortland, O.

There is no town of "Essing" in Germany. The right name is Essen. The Krupp gun works are located in this town which is situated in Rheinish Prussia. Essen is 18 miles northeast of Dusseldorf. Prussia is merely a state of Germany, and Rheinish Prussia is that part of Prussia near the Rhine river.

KING ARTHUR

Who was King Arthur and why are there so many legends told of him?—M. S., Middlefield, O.

Arthur, the king of the Silures in the sixth century, was an ancient British hero whose story has been the theme of much romantic fiction. He is said to have been the son of Uther, chief commander of the Britons, and to have been born about 501. In 516 he succeeded his father in the office of general, and performed those heroic deeds against the Saxons, Scots and Picts which have made him so celebrated. He married the celebrated Guinevere belonging to the family of the dukes of Cornwall; established the famous order of the Round Table, and reigned, surrounded by a splendid court, 12 years in peace. After this, he is reported to have conquered Denmark, Norway and France, slain the giants of Spain, and bourneyed to Rome. From thence he is said to have hastened home on account of the faithlessness of his wife, and Modred, his nephew, who stirred up his subjects to rebellion. Arthur subdued the rebels, but died from his wounds on the Island of Avalon about 542. The story of Arthur is supposed to have some foundation in fact, and it is generally believed that he was one of the last great Celtic chiefs who led his countryman from the west to resist the settlement of the Saxons in Southern Britain. But many authorities regard him as the leader of the Cymry of Cumbria and Strath-Clyde against the Anglo-Saxon invaders of the east coast and the Picts and Scots north of the Forth and the Clyde. In our own day the interest of the old legends has been revived by the works of Lytton and especially Tennyson.

REBECCA

Please tell something of Rebecca, a character in Scott's "Ivanhoe."—R. A., Gandy, Va.

Rebecca, one of Scott's characters, was the daughter of the Jew, Isaac of York. She falls in love with Ivanhoe and nurses him after the tournament of Ashby, and he in turn saves her life by appearing as her champion in the lists after she has been convicted of sorcery and condemned to be burnt at the stake. She departs from England with her father to live in Spain.

NIAGARA FALLS

Please give a sketch of Niagara Falls.—R. H. P., Mineral Bluff, Ga.

About 20 miles from Buffalo and 12 miles from Fort Niagara are situated the Falls of Niagara, first viewed in 1678 by Father Hennepin, and now visited every year by 3,000,000 people from all parts of the American continent and Europe. The water of the Niagara river descends about 50 feet in a series of rapids within half a mile before making a sudden plunge of 165 feet in two divisions. The American fall, with a more or less straight crest of 1,060 feet in length, extends along the eastern bank of the river in a northnortheast and a south-southwesterly direction; while the other division, the Horseshoe or Canadian fall, with a deep curve in the center, runs at right angles to the course of the river. The latter carries the larger volume of water, while its crest measures 3,010 feet. The line of the deepest water is accented at about the middle of Horseshoe Fall. This line forms the boundary between the United States and the Dominion of Canada, thus all of the islands at and near the Falls of Niagara are all United States territory. From the foot of the Falls the river descends among cliffs of 200 and 350 feet high in a series of rapids for a distance of three miles until it reaches the Whirlpool, a circular excavation in the western bank of the river, the boundaries of which are rocky cliffs 300 feet high for about two-thirds of its circumference, while the other third, its northerly bank, is made up of an accumulation of sand, gravel and clay. Into this hole the river rushes with tremendous force and speed, nothwesterly, but has to turn at right angle and leave it in a northeasterly direction. The impact of the inrushing water, striking against the banks, meets in its rapid new way and seeking for an outlet, and the meeting of these different currents produces the rotary movements of the water from which the Whirlpool derives its name, and as an exhibition of wonderful water-power the Whirlpool and the Whirlpool Rapids are looked upon by many visitors as more interesting than the Falls themselves. The depth of the water on the crest of the American Fall is fairly well known, and measures from 4 to 10 feet; northerly and easterly winds sometimes set the water back in Lake Erie, and the Fall has been known to almost dry. The depth of the Horseshoe Fall is not known. The only attempt to obtain an approximate idea was made many years ago. An old vessel was loaded down with stones until it drew 20 feet of water, and started down the current; it went over the edge without touching, hence the conclusion was that the deepest water on the edge of the Horshoe Fall is at least 20 feet. The United States lake survey has made measurements of the depth of the river. The river, at the foot of the center of the Horseshoe Fall is from 150 to 200 feet deep; through the upper gorge to the Whirlpool Rapids, from 160 to 190 feet; Whirlpool Rapids, 35 feet; Whirlpool, 150 feet; Whirlpool outlet, 50 feet, and the gorge below the Whirlpool, 35 to 70 feet.

BROTHERS O. H. PERRY

Please give the names of the brothers and sisters of Oliver H. Perry.—F. C., Perry, O.

The brothers of O. H. Perry were Raymond H. J., Matthew Calbraith, James Alexander, and Nathaniel Hazard Perry, who all became officers in the United States navy. His sisters were Jane T. Perry, the wife of Dr. William Butler, an assistant surgeon in the United States navy, and Mrs. G. W. Rodgers, wife of a naval officer.

THE CLEARING HOUSE

What is the clearing house?—Henderson, N. C.

The clearing house is an institution founded, not merely upon the idea of saving time and trouble in the use of precious metals, but also of circulating notes. All the banks and bankers associated as members of a clearing house are for this purpose, as it were, but one individual. The clearing house of London, the first of its kind, originated among the bankers of that city, whose transactions in the checks, bills, and drafts drawn upon each other became so large as to call for the daily and even hourly use of vast sums in bank notes by all of them. Appreciating how readily the debits and credits respectively due or held by them might be set off one against the other, they formed the clearing house, where up to 4 o'clock each day all drafts, bills, etc., drawn upon each individual member were taken. The system of the London clearing house has recently been much extended and improved, and all balances are settled by checks drawn upon the bank of England—no bank notes being required at all. The system in that of Philadelphia is equal and in some respects superior to that of any other in the United States. The clearings are made each morning at 10, just before which hour a messenger and a clerk from each bank are at the clearing house. The clerks take their seats inside a series of desks arranged in the form of a hollow oval. Each messenger brings with him from his bank a sealed package for each other bank, containing all the checks or drafts on such bank. The name of the bank sending and that of the bank to which it is sent are printed on each package, and the amount is written thereon. The messengers take their places near the desks of their respective banks, and they have with them tabular statements of the amount sent to each bank, and the aggregates. These are exhibited to the respective clerks and noted by them on the bank forms. At 10 precisely the manager calls to order, and gives the word, when all the messengers move forward from left to right of the clerks, handing into those clerks the packages addressed to their respective banks, and taking receipts for them on their statements. When the circuit is completed, all the packages have been delivered and received, and the amounts and the aggregates, both debtor and creditor, noted by the clerks. When the clerks find all correct the messenger take the packages received, and return to the bank. The several clerks then pass round a memorandum of the debits, credits, and balance, whether debtor or creditor, of each bank. If these debits and credits and debtor and creditor balances are found to balance, the clearing now ends, the clearing house. If not, they remain until the error or errors are discovered. The balances due by the several banks are paid into the clearing house that day by 11:30 a. m., and are receivable by the creditor banks by 12:30 p. m. A second clearing of drafts, etc., received by the morning's mail, is made at the clearing house by the messengers at 11:30 a. m. Each bank is obliged daily to furnish to the clearing house a statement of its condition at the end of business hours on that day; and tables are daily furnished to the several banks of the condition of all the banks in the clearing house. Complete records of all the transactions, of the state of the banks, etc., are preserved in the books of the clearing house, precisely as are the business transactions of any bank or other corporation or mercantile firm.

MUSHROOMS

Please tell all you can about the culture of mushrooms; also give some recipes for canning them.—H. W. C., Summerville, Virginia.

Mushroom growing for the market is very profitable, if properly managed. Those having greenhouses can grow this delicious vegetable under the benches to advantage in the summer season. It will do well in cellars where the temperature can be kept at about 50 or 60. This should be kept as even as possible to secure best results. Collect a lot of fresh horse manure, rejecting the coarser portions of it. Spread it out, to prevent premature heating, and fork it over several times, at intervals of a few days, before using it. Make the beds about eighteen inches deep, three or four fet wide. Pound the manure down well. Let it ferment thoroughly before spawning it. Test its temperature with a reliable thermometer, by inserting the instrument in the soil and leaving it there until the full temperature of the bed is registered. When it indicates 80 or 90 degrees, sow your spawn, which should be of the best, and which can be procured of nearly all seedsmen or florists in the larger towns. Break it in pieces about the size of a small egg and put it two inches under the surface and about six or eight inches apart. After about a week's time cover the bed with two inches of fine loam and wait for results.

The Bureau is unable to tell our inquirer how to can mushrooms. Perhaps some of our readers may be able to enlighten him. If so, we shall be pleased to print what they have to say.

MISCELLANEOUS

J. W. S., Deer Creek, Ind.: Indiana is one judicial district, the judge of which is A. B. Anderson, of Indianapolis.

J. H. K., Muskogee, Okla., and B. L. M., Fremont, Neb.: The Blade publishes no books. Those that were at one time published in this office are out of print.

F. E. V., Custer City, Pa., and G. W. M., Dowagiac, Mich.: The rules do not permit you to ask more than one question.

J. N. P., Tokeen, Tex.: You will have to inquire of some publisher for the Life of General Winfield S. Scott. General Scott wrote his personal memoirs in book form.

B. F. W., Michigan City, Ind.: The bureau cannot comply with your request.

M. F. L., Renser, N. Y.: The Blade cannot give you the New York statute on the subject.

G. L. C., Sullivan, O.: In modern language an infidel is one who deliberately rejects the Christian faith after having obtained knowledge of it. In former times a man might be an infidel who had never heard of Christianity.

W. B. M., Mt. Pulaski, Ill.: Gold is yellow when mined.

H. T. R., Caldwell, Neb.: A person living in the District of Columbia cannot vote unless he is a resident of a state, then he may go to his home and vote.

H. M. H., Scioto, Ill.: Write to the attorney general of Colorado at Denver for the information you want.

T. S. Endicott, Va.: China is the only important nation having the silver standard. Mexico has adopted the gold standard recently.

J. X. M., Pine Village, Ind.: We cannot give you the cost of sending the American fleet around the world at the present time.

M. E. G., Central Point, Ore.: Congress did not pass such a law as you inquire about.

E. T. H., Huntertown, Ind.: We are unable to answer your question. Besides it is a mathematical problem which has no place in these columns.

E. W. W., Sullivan, O.: Congress adjourns on March 4, 1909. President Roosevelt's term of office expires at the same time.

Outward Bound.

Freighted with fancy, golden frail,
There by the marge of day,
The new moon rears a slender sail,
Filled with the breath of the evening gale,
And over the bar of sunset pale,
Into the dreamlight gray,
Fearlessly steers for the mystic deep—
Into the night away.

Let us be sailing, soul of mine,
Far from the cares of day—
Unfurl your sail so fragile and fine,
Filled by the breath of the night divine,
And over the senses swift decline,
Out of the dream-light gray,
Steer for the deep of the unplumbed sleep—
Into the night away.
—Ethel Allen Murphy, in Appleton's.

MRS. BAXTER'S NEW FURS

By Elizabeth Ayres.

It was in late November that Mrs. Baxter began talking about buying a new set of furs. In the early fall, when she unpacked her old ones, she thought they looked very shabby, but she decided that for the sake of economy, she must wear them another season.

"I can't possibly afford a new suit and new furs the same winter, and the new suit is a positive necessity," she said to herself, sighing a little. "This collar is awfully mangy," she thought, holding the neckpiece nearer the light, "but I shall have to make it do. Anyway, there is a good deal of time when one doesn't really need furs, especially if they are not handsome, so I guess I can manage."

She said practically the same thing to Mr. Baxter, and, as it was his habit to agree with her in all matters, his answer: "Well, I guess you can do without, and you always look nice and pretty, Emily," was what might have been expected.

Her momentary throb of disappointment, told that in spite of her decision, in the back of her mind there had been a lingering hope, which William Baxter's acquiescence with her view of the question immediately banished. If he had suggested the possibility of buying new furs, she would have said it was not to be thought of, and that she was perfectly satisfied to wear the old ones. Of course, if he insisted, she might have been persuaded, but he did not insist, so there was no opportunity for pleasant argument.

Mr. Baxter thought his wife knew what she was about. He seldom disputed her, not being sufficiently wise in the intricacies of feminine nature to understand there were occasions when Mrs. Baxter would really prefer not to be agreed with. This was the situation in the case of the furs, but, since William accepted her decision as final, there was no excuse for further discussion. Under these conditions, Mrs. Baxter tried to put to sleep her wish for new furs, but she could not resist gazing wistfully at the displays in the furriers' windows, and indulging her fancy by selecting the set she would have if she were going to have any.

November was the month of her birthday, and an unexpected gift in the shape of a check for twenty dollars, came to her from her mother. The furs began to loom big on her horizon. The check was not large enough to buy the set she wanted, but it was half of its price, and hope revived. Perhaps William would offer to make up the deficiency. He was always anxious for her to have what she wanted, and, in appreciation of his kindness she tried not to want things that would be a tax on their limited income, but she wanted the furs more than she had wanted anything for a long time, and she could not keep from talking of the thing that was uppermost in her mind.

"Now, there's the check from mother," she said, reflectively, at breakfast one morning. "It'll go quite a ways toward buying a new set of furs. I suppose after Christmas they may be bought cheaper, but you always take the chance of having to select from goods that have been handled over and over. One doesn't buy new furs every winter, and they should be as handsome as one can possibly afford," she remarked, with the air of a sage.

"Yes, I suppose so," Mr. Baxter returned indifferently, seeming more interested in stirring his coffee than in anything else, "but I thought I heard you say you could manage without new furs this winter. I'm sure I don't know where the money is coming from to buy them," he complained.

His tone was that of one who prophesies dire calamities, and his wife stared at him in astonishment. His manner was so unusual, and she could not understand what had wrought the change. William was playing a part, which was a role so foreign to his nature, that he overdid the matter and was abrupt when he intended to be only mildly indifferent, but William was without guile, and therefore he was a bad actor.

"I guess you'd better let the furs go this winter," he advised. "Put the twenty your mother gave you in the bank, and if you're real saving by next year you may be able to buy the kind you want. Well, I must be going. Can I do anything for you down town, Emily?" he asked.

"No, thank you," she answered, in cold and distant tones.

The Baxters belonged to the great army of the middle class, and lived in a simple, though comfortable way. Mrs. Baxter "did her own work" and the greater part of her sewing. She was contented with a life in which there were only small, off-repeated events. She awakened in the morning with a pleased sense of the household duties that would fill her time, and she was satisfied with the little affairs of every day existence.

Mr. Baxter was equally contented. He was a quiet, dependable sort of a man who loved his wife and his home and cared nothing for outside diversions. Being without the money-making instinct, he was satisfied to work for a salary and to know he had the good will of his employers. "Old Reliable," they called him, because of his methodical habits and steady ways. The married life of the Baxters was harmonious from the time of its beginning, and there had been few clouds to gloom their domestic sky.

"My husband and I have never had a quarrel, and we've been married ten years," Mrs. Baxter boasted to her next-door neighbor.

"Goodness!" exclaimed the other, "what do you do for excitement?"

"Well," confessed Mrs. Baxter, "I must say it isn't my fault, but William simply will not quarrel."

Mrs. Baxter took the affair of the furs much to heart. That William should not offer to help her buy them, and, in fact discouraged the idea, was disturbing. Whenever she mentioned the subject he either avoided it or reminded her of what she had said about going without.

"The winter is half over," he told her, "and so far it has not been cold enough for you to need furs. It's all nonsense to wrap yourself up so warm," he declared.

A statement of this kind from William who was usually so solicitous for her comfort and happiness, was so out of the ordinary that his wife felt she had suffered a calamity. She was sure something was seriously wrong, and she tortured her mind with dark imaginings. Then, too, Mr. Baxter's manner was mysterious, and he acted like a man with a secret. He laughed at times when there was no cause for laughter, and at other times he was unnaturally solemn. No matter what she might say, he would not be interested in furs. Altogether, the conduct of the hitherto exemplary William gave his wife reason to think herself an ill-treated woman.

Mrs. Baxter was depressed and showed it. The zest was taken from her Christmas preparations by her attitude of mind toward her husband. She was not quite sure he was deserving of the set of books she had purchased for him with her savings of a year. Having to go without the furs was not her great trouble; it was William's lack of interest. He might have said he was sorry he could not afford to help her buy them, but he had expressed no regret and had been quite heartless in his disregard for her feelings.

Meanwhile, William was serenely unconscious of what was passing in his wife's mind, and with the near approach of Christmas he grew cheerful with a cheerfulness that she found exasperating. She expected from a remark he made that his gift to her would be something for their house, and she told herself that she did not care whether he gave her anything or not.

If Mr. Baxter had been an observing man he would have noticed his wife's strangeness, but everything always had been right between them, and this being firmly fixed in his mind, he took it for granted that everything would continue to be right indefinitely.

Christmas eve, William, for a man of his quiet habit, was in really hilarious spirits. He came quietly into the house when his wife was in the kitchen, and, contrary to his custom, he did not call "Hello, Emily," as soon as he entered. After a few moments' delay, he went into the kitchen in search of Mrs. Baxter, and stood there with a pleased expression on his face that made him look boyish.

"When do we give our Christmas presents?" he asked, smiling broadly.

"In the morning, I suppose," his wife answered.

"Let's give 'em now, Emily," he coaxed. "Why should we wait until morning? I tell you Christmas is great, simply great," he exclaimed with increasing enthusiasm.

"I'm glad you think so," Mrs. Baxter answered, sedately.

Her coldness could not darken his spirits, and, while she was preparing their evening meal he followed her from the kitchen to the dining room and back again, until she said, impatiently, she wished he would go somewhere and sit down.

Mr. Baxter chuckled good-naturedly and went into the front part of the house, whence there soon issued a great rustling of paper. It sounded so Christmasy that, forgetting her woes, Mrs. Baxter paused in her work and listened.

"What is William up to now?" she wondered.

He answered her question by walking mincingly into the room, wearing a handsome fur collar, and with his hand concealed in a huge, flat muff.

"How do you like my new furs, Mrs. Baxter?" he inquired, stepping about in a "show-off" manner.

"Why, William Baxter;" she exclaimed. "Why, William!"

"You may try 'em on," said William, graciously.

He fastened the collar around his wife's throat and put the muff in her hands.

"How do you like 'em?" he asked again, stroking the collar where it lay across her shoulders. "You had me scared, for fear you'd go and buy a set for yourself," he went on, "but I did all I could to discourage you. I had this set laid aside 'way back in October, but you've had me scared, I can tell you."

"You've had me scared, too," Mrs. Baxter sobbed, going swiftly to her husband.

He took her in his arms and, puzzled by her tears, questioned, "Why, Emily, what is the matter?"

"Nothing," she quavered, "nothing at all, only I am so happy."

"Merry Christmas," said Mr. Baxter, holding her closer.

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1908.

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Circulation Last Week 208,000

The trouble in Venezuela doesn't seem to come quite up to General Sherman's definition of war.

Congressman Theodore E. Burton appears to know what he wants when he wants it.

It isn't the holiday spirit that makes congress feel like handing the President something.

When the President reaches the African jungles next year he will know how to stir up the animals.

"Today is not tomorrow," says a poet, and the statement seems to carry more truth than poetry.

A Chicago woman denounces Adam as a loafer. Still, there is no record to show that Eve had to take in washing.

Fashion has decreed that woman, to be well dressed, must leave her hips at home when she goes out.

Some statesmen may feel like advising Mr. Taft to do his cabinet-picking early and avoid the rush.

Emperor William, with an income of $10,000,000 a year, is short of funds. Has he been betting on a sure thing?

According to reports the wheat crop of the country is in a fair way to join the farmers' uplift movement.

Senator Knox's declaration that Mr. Taft should be allowed to select his own cabinet doesn't seem at all unreasonable.

When a pretty girl of 18 marries a man of 83 she either possesses a lot of veneration, or he has a big bunch of money.

Prohibition becomes effective in Alabama, January 1. The date seems to dovetail with the eternal fitness of things.

A codfish can lay 100,000 eggs in one day. That may be one reason codfish eggs are never spoiled in cold storage.

Foreigners insist that we have no leisure class in this country. We have, all right, but they are called loafers.

President Roosevelt has an idea that vigorous English was created for the purpose of embellishing messages to congress.

The state of Indiana possesses a corn belt as well as a poets' corner. She took first prize at the Omaha corn show.

The St. Louis woman who left her husband because he read her thoughts certainly had a good reason for running away.

As the year draws to a close it is impossible not to think of the great number of end-of-the-world predictions that did not come true.

England is going to start a spelling reform movement. It may, however, require a number of years to get around to "thru."

Is no history sacred? It is now stated that Cleopatra was not beautiful, and that Mark Antony married her for her money.

If President Castro's family physician really advised him to go away from home for his health he was a pretty wise physician.

"Governor Haskell says the Democrats are entirely too timid in national politics." Why, because they never ask for more than they want?

If the jungle animals of Africa could read some of the President's messages they could get an idea of what to expect next year.

Mr. Morgan says he has never been a pessimist. Very few men with as much money as he possesses could see the hole in the doughnut.

The few counties that go wet in Ohio do it by such small majorities that there is little comfort for wet advocates in the victories won.

Aunt Carrie Nation says she would like to interview Emperor William. In which case she would probably want to do most of the talking.

King Edward weighs 210 pounds. Which will be about 87½ pounds short of the real heavyweight class of rulers when Taft assumes the presidency.

"Will the young woman who begins with cigarets finish in her old age with a pipe?" asks the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The chances are she will never reach old age.

Mrs. Russell Sage has come out in favor of woman's suffrage. But this does not necessarily mean that she will finance the movement to the extent of a few millions.

John D. Rockefeller's quarterly dividend, amounting to $4,000,000, has just been drawn from the Standard Oil company. Don't you wish you had the artistic ability to draw like John D.?

A $10,000 hen was on exhibition at the national poultry show. Still, at the present price of eggs, that doesn't appear to be too much to pay for a good hen.

Prince Chun, of China, is to get $105,000 a year for holding down the throne until the emperor is old enough to assume the reins of government. Being the father of a kid emperor looks like easy money.

THE NEWEST CZAR.

The repudiation of the treaty of Berlin was not planned by Austria or Germany, as the dispatches have intimated, but by the one who appeared to be the tool of these powers, Prince Ferdinand, of Bulgaria.

Extraordinary light upon this curious personality is shed by a writer in the National Review of London. Ferdinand is a neurasthenic, is described as a man with a heart that would cut diamonds, treacherous, ungrateful. His career is stained with the blood of the man who gave him a throne. He rules by corruption, buying his aides with gold, ruining his enemies with palace-made scandal, holding opponents off with blackmail. His one controlling passion is vanity. Only through the grace of Russia does he now possess his crown, for Nicholas II had given the word that he should be driven out of Bulgaria. A promise to baptize his son in the faith of the Greek church saved him. St. Petersburg was negotiating for the independence of Bulgaria last summer. It would have been arranged without difficulty in the course of four or five months, but Ferdinand became impatient. He appealed to Austria and succeeded in overcoming the scruples of Vienna in the matter of breaking the treaty. Germany was sounded and that country at once sent word to go ahead. It was to her interest, since all the powers who were not consulted would be angered and Franz Josef would be compelled to draw more closely to Germany, an alliance that has been the dream of Berlin ever since the formation of the empire. It hopes to see all the German speaking races under one emperor. Thus Austria played into the hands of the Kaiser. Russia was affronted and compelled to relinquish its office as the protector of the Southern Slavs. Ferdinand obtained a high sounding title. His vanity brought about a new alignment in Europe.

Ordinarily morose and fretful, Ferdinand has the power to throw off his ill temper when need demands. He then adopts an air of vivacity that charms. He laughs with apparent sincerity, tells anecdotes and pays pretty compliments. His coarser side caused a distinguished diplomatist to remark that it was too bad there was no Circe today to reverse the feat of turning men into swine.

The method of sovereignty in Bulgaria is fast passing from the face of the earth. Ferdinand, it is not improbable, will be crushed in the heaving throes of modernity unless some happy accident should take him from this life before calamity falls upon his house.

SUPPORTING THE PROFESSOR.

The idea of the western professor of sociology that a department of matrimony should be introduced in the universities appears to be taking hold. The scheme is meeting with approval. According to Appleton's Magazine John D. Rockefeller has intimated that he will endow the University of Chicago with such a chair, giving it $11,000,000 if the students will raise a like amount in a week's time.

This shows us the immense value of ideas when they are put forth from a reputable seat of learning. A newspaper might suggest something of the sort and get not even a letter of condemnation or a threat to stop the paper. Andrew Carnegie, himself, if he were to offer it, might not even be summoned to Washington to talk the thing over with the house committee on acoustics and lighting. But let a genuine, full-fledged doctor of philosophy, particularly from Kansas, broach the subject and the richest man in the world trips over his own feet in the effort to back up the suggestion.

From our point of view, the journalistic, the thing is decidedly unfair.

THE REAL ARISTOCRATS.

In all this clatter and bother about multi-millionaires, the gossip from Newport and the invasion of chinless robber barons from decaying Europe, it is a comfort and a joy to pick up that fat, luxurious volume just off the government press, entitled "Annual Report of the Secretary of Agriculture, 1908."

Among these chaste and well printed leaves we discover the true facts about millionaires, who they are, what they have and what they do for this, the most glorious country that e'er the sun shone on. Only a jealous foreigner could read this work of James Wilson and avoid the lilt of poetry. Here is rhythm and tune, the sweet melody of the increase of the earth, the soothing low of kine, the tale of the cool plowing rain, the call of the birds.

Let us roll some of these noble figures upon the tongue: The total value of all the farm products of 1908 reached $7,778,000,000, "the most extraordinary total in the nation's history," to quote the jubilant words of the Hon. Mr. Wilson. The mines, gold, silver, copper, lead, zinc, coal and iron, precious stones and marble, with the oil wells thrown in, reached a figure only about one-fourth as imposing. Of the raw materials used by the manufacturers who employ agricultural products eighty-seven per cent was contributed by the farmers of the United States. Furthermore, in this year of financial and industrial depression the farmer people produced values $290,000,000 in excess of those they turned out in 1907. Again we copy the glowing terms of the honorable secretary: "During the last ten years the wealth production on the farms of this country has exceeded the fabulous sum of $60,000,000,000."

The production of all cereals was 4,329,000,000 bushels, which has been distanced three times in the past. But the value of this harvest was $2,694,000,000, eclipsing the records of all former years. It is two per cent better in production than the average for the last five years, and 32 per cent better in value.

Corn was king in 1908. It was worth $1,615,000,000. "This wealth, grown out of the soil in four months of rain, sunshine and some drouth, is enough to cancel the interest bearing debt of the United States and to pay for the Panama canal and fifty battleships," says the impassioned Mr. Wilson. "The crop is worth this year nearly as much as the great crops of cotton, hay and wheat combined."

The five-year average in wheat was distanced one and a half per cent in number of bushels and was 23 per cent better in value. The department estimates the yield at 660,000,000 bushels, worth about $66,000,000 more to the farmers than any other wheat crop ever garnered.

Let us copy the expansive secretary once more:

For the first time, this year, the value of all farm crops equals $5,000,000,000, and of this total the value of the corn crop is about one-third; wheat, hay, and cotton combined make more than another third; and the smaller crops the remainder, or nearly one-third. Never before has the hay crop been so large in quantity, nor the rice crop, nor the sugar beet crop, nor beet and cane sugar production. The production of barley has been exceeded in only one former year, and cotton by only two years at the most. The highest crop values in comparison with former years are held by corn, wheat, rice, all cereals, potatoes, sugar beets, possibly tobacco, by beet sugar and by beet and cane sugar combined. Next to the highest value was reached by hay, barley, oats, sugar cane and cane sugar, and perhaps by cotton.

And yet there are foolish people who think those petty people who have gingerbread houses along Fifth avenue in New York or jumbled homes in Pittsburg represent this country's wealth. To behold the truly rich, the aristocrats of America, one should take up a commanding position beside some grain elevator or near some stockyards and study the men under the Stetson hats.

THE BOOK OF PLATT.

"Tom" Platt is going to write a book! It will be in the nature of memoirs, covering his experiences in politics, be jammed with anecdotes of public men with whom he has come in contact, tell of secret deals and of grand strategy with which he has been concerned.

If this work is to be all that the prospectus promises it will surely lead the list of the best sellers. It will be something worth while in the world of literature, something that folk have been hankering for for months. It will help those who swear off on New Year's to stay at home and seek comfort and amusement by their own firesides. And if "Tom" will only open up and scatter the grains of truth among the pages there will be more men made uneasy at the announcement that the book is on the market than ever prepared to take to the woods when the Archbold letters fell into the hands of the sensational Mr. Hearst. Think what the files of the United States Express company must contain! There ought to be material there, unless it has been destroyed, that would drive the muckraker into long, lingering thrills of delight. If Mr. Platt told of all his tradings, his maneuvers and threats, to keep the question of parcels posts a subdued subject in congress he would have to write nothing else. That would be romance sufficient. There is that little matter of transporting the national currency that Mr. Platt engineers through the two houses every session. There must be stories in that which would make the reader forget the passage of time and the price of illuminants. The Platt history goes back to a most dramatic episode in politics when he resigned in the faith that the legislature of the state of New York would return him to Washington with a card of vindication under his arm. It was then that the cartoonists labeled him "Me Too" and attached a string around his neck, the same string being held by Roscoe Conkling. Platt, it was who buried Theodore Roosevelt politically by getting him nominated for vice president in 1900. He is said to scream whenever the subject is mentioned.

There is another side of the career of Mr. Platt which would make highly entertaining reading matter. It would come into competition with the authors of "Three Weeks," "The Yoke," and others of that department of letters.

Yes, "Tom" Platt's memoirs ought to prove the book of the year. But it would never do to let it fall into the hands of the young.

A TEST OF LOYALTY.

There is something about their occupation that seems to breed a deep loyalty in railroad men. This is a thing that cannot, unfortunately, be boasted in many lines of endeavor far less exacting, far less hazardous and far more remunerative than railroad work.

Testimony of this loyalty has been given to the companies in this vicinity in the last few weeks when car robbers have been looting property to such an alarming extent. These thieves have been armed and have shown a perfect willingness to employ their weapons when interfered with or when attempt has been made to arrest them. They have added a personal danger to the known perils of the rail. Yet, in spite of the terrors which they nightly face, the railroad men have reported for service with their usual promptitude, have gone out on their runs with the fear of clashes in the dark which might mean death to them or maiming beyond all power to follow the calling to which they are attached. They have reported for duty without grumbling about the management which has so far been unable to break up these desperate gangs, assuming their own protection and that of the employers' charge.

There are other sufferers from this reign of terror which prevails in the railroad yards. They are the women and the children who must see husband and parent set forth to earn them their bread, with the dread at their hearts of meetings with the thieves so ready to back up their operations with firearms.

These are hard tests upon the loyalty of any men whose occupation does not ordinarily demand fighting. The railroads have good reason to be grateful to their employes.

THE NEXT PRESIDENT.

Mr. Taft is a most skillful handler of men. A half score of difficult matters have come up within the last few weeks which threatened to affect the peace of his administration. He accepted the tasks blithely, smoothed out the hard places and dispatched several bristling gentlemen back to their labors smiling and vowing eternal loyalty to the President who is to be.

The singularly fine temper of Mr. Taft is going to be one of his greatest assets when he comes to enter office. It will be as a great weapon. It will give him exactly that leverage which will be needed to rid himself of certain controversies of little moment, but extremely goading when nourished, which are to come to him by inheritance. They will be laughed away, stricken from the calendar. The country will help him to forget them. And there will be no question as to his wisdom or his courage. These have been proved and tested. A wave of his hand, when his hearers acknowledge his unaffected sincerity, will serve to settle many a quarrel and bring to a close many a destructive factional fight.

The nation may miss entertainment in the reading of executive messages and communications, but it will be made aware that such documents have been prepared with thoroughness. There will be nothing in them that will betray personal bias or resentment. The argument of the advocate who respects his judge, statements of incontrovertible fact, will be presented to the exclusion of denunciatory phraseology. One may always depend upon these state papers being constructed in the broadest spirit of tolerance. It is not often that an English view of American affairs does more than betray the writer's superficiality and sense of superiority. A happy contrast appears in a recent issue of a London periodical, the subject being Mr. Taft:

The same sense of justice, the same sanity, the same calm and well-matured judgment that made his administration of the Philippines so conspicuous and enabled him to settle to the satisfaction of both sides delicate questions in Panama and Cuba, and successfully conduct intricate negotiations with the Vatican, will be brought to bear, it is safe to assert, in dealing with problems vital to the welfare and advancement of the American people.

The tone of Mr. Taft's administration, in our opinion, will be one of rare and most fortunate self-possession.

AN EASY CHAIR WAR.

The Dutch are instructing the world. They are showing the nations, now tugging at their leases in the effort to bury their teeth in one another's throats, how a war may be conducted with leisure and the best of manners. There is no hurry and bustle. The whole business is gone about with due preparation. Every sailor is in his most spick and span uniform. The brass has all been polished and down in the cabin the tea is boiling with a nice homelike hum.

There is something very strange about this demonstration against Venezuela. The casus belli occurred months ago. It had apparently been threshed out and nearly every one had forgotten about the trouble. Castro discharged his usual impudence, had turned his back to take up the task of hiding the spread of bubonic plague in his dominions and then packed his trunks and sailed for France, where his sixty millions are on desposit. It was announced from Caracas that the president was exceedingly ill. The strangers who saw him declare he looked as healthy as one of his saddle color might be expected to look. He landed in France after a lot of talk that the French authorities would forbid his putting a foot into the country. It may be they had in mind only the difficult task of compelling him to undergo the prescribed process of fumigation. And then the Dutch got busy. They descended on the coast of Venezuela, flew their flag and sailed away. They returned and carried away a guardship from under the guns of the batteries and not a shot was fired in retaliation.

The affair has the appearance of mutual agreement. The capture of the guardship may soothe the dignity of Queen Wilhelmina and its loss may give Caracas the excuse to sue for peace and forgiveness, inasmuch as the coast is left practically without defense. The absence of Castro permits the ministry to go through the formalities of treating with Holland without the necessity of asking for the endorsement of the president. As Castro was the real offender, this should be comparatively easy, and then he can wash his hands of responsibility for the apology.

MR. CORTELYOU, STYLIST.

Mr. George B. Cortelyou has developed into a great man in the last few years.

His career at Washington began in the vestibule to the President's office, where he was the William Loeb of the administration, doing his work swiftly, silently and meekly, taking such honors as came into the White House straight where they belonged and accepting blame for all mistakes, as a good secretary should. He performed the task of getting together the campaign fund of 1904 with such speed and completeness that it brought about that justly celebrated publicity of which we heard so much in the late campaign. He was postmaster general for a time. After Secretary Shaw had been gently persuaded to drop out—by a threat to tell all—Mr. Cortelyou moved over to the treasury building. The uplift had come so suddenly that it disturbed a well balanced sense of the fitness of things and he hankered for the biggest job of all.

All this introduction is preliminary to directing attention to the fact that Mr. Cortelyou has developed into a remarkable literary stylist in the last few months. In the language of Prof. William B. Guitteau, of the Toledo High school, he has Henry James backed off the boards and yelping for mercy. Upon the title page of that entertaining little weekly entitled "Treasury Decisions," we note a sample of the artistry of Mr. Cortelyou signed with his name in full. "The within decisions are published," he says, "for the guidance of customs and internal revenue officers and others concerned."

It is not everyone who would thus clearly set forth the prospectus of his work. Instead of writing it fluently and euphoniously "the within decisions," the average author would follow the hackneyed form, and say "these decisions," or, if he were resident to the south, perhaps, "these here decisions." But Mr. Cortelyou is original or nothing. He says "the within decisions." You could almost sing it, it runs so smoothly and gently, like a water brook in its lower stretches. Besides, there is definition in this simple grouping of words. By saying "within" Mr. Cortelyou prevents confusion. He specifically directs you to turn over the page and look inside. Otherwise the reader might search the back of the document, or read between the lines of the letter, or, worse still, lose time and effort examining that part of the communication where it says "Official Business, penalty for private use $300."

The magazines will surely be after George B. if he doesn't watch out.

IK MARVEL DEAD.

The author of Reveries of a Bachelor and Dream Life is dead. At the rounded age of eighty-four this poet, who seldom wrote a rhyme, but whose every word was truly poetry, has passed away. These two works, registered beats of his heart, will live so long as there exists an American literature.

The career of Donald Grant Mitchell, or "Ik Marvel" as he preferred to sign his writings, was most singularly peaceful, though he was not unacquainted with strife and the worries of health. He had trained himself as a lawyer, but a weak constitution prompted him to seek relief in the open air. He went to England and walked its lanes and highways for a year. Then he took a run over to Paris, counting upon making a visit of only a day or two, and then sailing for home. He arrived at the French capital at a most tragic moment. The revolution of 1848, recorded with such art in the Les Miserables of Victor Hugo, broke out the day of his arrival and he became so interested that he remained throughout the summer. A few years later he was made United States consul to Venice, where he projected an ambitious work, a history of the Venetian republic. It got no farther than a few contributions to the American periodicals.

It was as the Master of Edgewood that the fame of Ik Marvel became fixed. This was a farm near New Haven, Conn. Mr. Mitchell was not much of a farmer, but he was a delightful writer upon farm topics. He looked at the country with the eyes of an artist, greatly lamenting the countryman's contempt for the beauties of his life and the little pains he took to bless it with aesthetic living. But while his friends took his lectures with little seriousness they were delighted to make pilgrimages to Edgewood, where they basked in his genial humor, were charmed with his untiring taste for reminiscence, and where, it is said, they drank unbelievable quantities of the good man's buttermilk.

Donald Mitchell lived a long time. His work, we trust, will be immortal.

WASTED WEALTH.

The Inland Waterways Commission has performed a great work in combatting the reactionary arguments of Speaker Cannon. After long investigation it has presented an array of figures, every one of which is a brief for the preservation of the forests, the broadening of areas of irrigation and the federal control of power courses.

Of the water which annually flows into the sea only about one per cent is utilized for municipal and community supply. Less than two per cent is used for irrigation purposes. About five per cent is utilized by navigation. Less than five per cent is employed in manufacturing power. It is estimated that 85 per cent to 95 per cent goes to waste in floods and freshets which might be restrained by the protection of forest land along stream courses.

Since 1900 the annual damage from flood has risen from $45,000,000 to $238,000,000, and it was during that period that more lumber was cut than in all the years of the republic before. There was an indirect loss through depreciation of property values which was probably far in excess of the traceable damage. There was loss in the impediment of navigation and in soil erosion. Then, too, the tremendous quantities of soil matter carried into the sea blocks harbors and channels, brings troubles to shipping and compels the expenditure of huge sums to keep waterways open. It is the estimate of the commission that soil erosion reduces farm production ten to twenty per cent, making the annual loss to farmers close to $500,000,000.

This is a tremendous burden of responsibility to rest upon the shoulders of such short-sighted statesmen as Joseph Cannon and his school. It emphasizes the need in this country of a grade of politician that can consider governmental demands in a scientific light, that can be uninfluenced by petty and personal ambitions and prejudices.

DIGNITY.

It is possible that congress is doing much work for which it is not getting credit in the public prints. It may be that the correspondents, having ears for the news that is startling and bizarre, are neglecting to inform the country of the routine business that our honorable senators and representatives are doing. But, we believe, it must strike everyone that congress is more concerned at present in an attempt to prove itself the possessor of dignity than it is in giving an excuse for its existence.

This matter of dignity is a very strange thing. When one has kept his temper in the face of exceeding provocation he takes it as a compliment when another describes his conduct as dignified. When his general manner is pronounced dignified he is not so certain as to the compliment.

The fact is that the line between dignity and pomposity is a very narrow one. It is so easy to merge from one state into the other. One may walk so straight that a half-inch slant of his back to the rearward will make him look pompous and ridiculous. Now, at this distance, it seems as if the outraged members of congress are a degree or so off the perpendicular. Their backs bend back too far. Their chests protrude a shade too much. There is a strut about them that suggests the lordly turkey gobbler. They have altogether too important an atmosphere about them to be considered seriously. The history of congress hardly bears it out in its claims to property rights in dignity that is unassailable. It has beheld affairs on the floors of both the senate and house that would be shocking to places which make no pretense whatever to such a thing as dignity, gentlemen whacking at each other with walking sticks, distinguished statesmen scratching each other's faces and striving to place thumbs where they would have the most painful effect upon the eyesight, fists driven home with vigor, and boots raised with malice intent. There have been differences of opinion that have called out words seldom used when mutual respect is anywhere around, words that bite and make a noise such as a hot horseshoe does when it is dropped into a water tub.

Congressional dignity may be an article much prized in Washington on occasion, but to the country at large it appears a poor thing that can be worked to death. The proceedings of the house and senate would read more entertainingly if they recorded needed legislation enacted, momentous questions discussed, progress noted, and about one-eighteenth as much space given to the subject of dignity.

A FORGOTTEN CONTROVERSY.

Just fifty years ago Charles Darwin gave the world that monument of painstaking effort entitled "The Origin of Species."

It is hard to believe that any volume upon a scientific subject could today arouse such a storm as did the "Origin of Species" at the beginning of the year 1859. Some of the terms applied to Mr. Darwin would be out of place in a communication from the White House. He was pronounced an atheist, an elaborate prevaricator, a destroyer of the House of God. Yet Mr. Darwin had no more than applied the laws long recognized by the astronomers to terrestial life. It is to the credit of the United States that his theory was accepted on this side of the water many years before in England it would be mentioned except in irritation and ridicule.

The Christian nowadays finds no difficulty in adjusting his religion to the Darwinian hypothesis.

SAVING TROUBLE.

It is written in the good book of Timothy that "the love of money is the root of all evil."

The Russian equivalent of this advice must have appealed to a millionaire named Peteroff, resident of the city of Moscow. He lay upon his deathbed the other day thinking of the futility of life, its weak pleasures and unhappy rewards. An idea of singular renunciation came to him. He sent for all the wealth which could be converted into bank notes. They were piled upon his table. In his sight the whole was burned. He sent for his relatives, showed them the ashes and asked their thanks that he should have saved them from the burden of riches.

Had these relatives been readers of the ponderous Thomas Hobbes a bitter phrase would have occurred to them: "Words are the money of fools."

ST. LOUIS' APPROVAL.

The powder puff has the support of the First Methodist church of St. Louis.

"If I were a young woman," says the Rev. Philip Fletcher, "I would try to be winsome. Young women ought to strive to appear to the very best advantage; mentally, morally and physically."

Coming from Missouri this should be the final word. It was in Joplin of that state that an eloquent divine pronounced the powder puff the weapon of the devil and all who employed it agents of that fearsome being.

St. Louis stands at the gateway of Missouri. Anything that comes out of it to the east has to go through the hands of the inspectors or it has no official standing. Therefore, we are to understand, the Joplin pronunciamento has been passed upon and rejected. It hasn't the sanction of the state. It is a maverick, an outcast. Powder puffs may continue to puff and powder. Always look for the St. Louis seal before accepting goods.

Count Boni says he wants no more Gould money. His lawyer must have put that idea into his head.

Now it is said Emperor Wilhelm is suffering from acute melancholia. Probably caused by low finances and suppressed emotions.

Some of the Panama canal critics seem to think the government should have waited for a January clearance sale before purchasing a canal.

"Wroth Silver."

London Standard.

Soon after daybreak the other day around a curious stone trough which crowns a small hillock just off the great London to Holyhead road, midway between Dunchurch the meeting place of the Gunpowder conspirators—and Coventry, a crowd, representative of several Midland shires, assembled to participate in that quaint and picturesque ceremony known as the collection of wroth silver. It is a custom which had origin anterior to the Norman invasion, and through ten centuries it has been religiously observed by the people of Warwickshire. "Wroth silver" is a sort of old tax for the repair of the highways, and the duke of Buccleuch, as lord of the manor, has power to levy the same upon of parishes, the individual amounts varying from 2s to 1d. In the old days the representatives of defaulting parishes were expected to pay 20s for every 1d, or a "white bull with red ears and red nose." As proved by the recent proceedings, the ancient custom has lost none of its interest for the population of the countryside.

German Student Insurance.

Consular Reports.

The University of Breslau has made a contract with an accident insurance company in Frankfort to insure its students on the following plan:

All students of mathematics, astronomy, physics, chemistry or pharmacy, botany, zoology, mineralogy, and geology, must pay a fee of 36 cents each semester and be insured against accident occurring in the line of duty. Firemen and machinists and employes of the clinics are also included, the first two paying $1.19, and the last 71 cents premium. The policy lapses as soon as the holder's connection with the university is severed. The company pays $714 in case of death, $3,570, payable in annuities, for total disability, corresponding smaller amounts for partial disability, and 71 cents a day (not exceeding one year) if cured. This insurance is optional with students of the other branches.

A Borneo Parasite.

London Standard.

A famous rarity in the vegetable world of Borneo is the Rafflesia, the buah pakmah of Malays. The plant is one of the most degraded of parasites, and so completely does it submerge itself in the tissues of its host that the only part which ever shows itself to the external world is the enormous flower. The diameter of the flower measures about two feet; the odor is repulsive, and there is not one feature of beauty to recommend it to man. It appears, however, to hold an important place in the pharmacopeia of the natives, who, perhaps, imagine that the plant to which nature has given so uninviting an exterior must possess some hidden virtue in the way of compensation. Various species of Rafflesia are known in Borneo, and, oddly enough, their hosts are invariably species of vine (cissus).

The Land of Vanished Hours.

Where is the summer, the gay, glad summer,
Radiant with light and bright with flowers?
It has given place to this sad newcomer,
Who has stripped the trees and scorched the bowers.

And where are the summers beloved and departed
Which long, long ago gave Joy to the earth?
Where, then, is the one when the lionhearted
King Richard reigned and the Crusades had birth?

And where is the one which saw Kenilworth's glory,
Which the stately Elizabeth deigned to review?
And when Shakespeare lived, and his pen told each story
Which comes down through the years, ever living and new?

Where is the summer when life spread before us
Sweet to the heart and fair to the view,
When we saw no cloud in the azure sky o'er us,
When earth was all glory and each friend was true?

Oh, the late and the long ago summers are dwelling
In a place warm with sunshine and lovely with flowers;
There each to the other its story is telling
In the beautiful land of the vanished hours!

—Ninette M. Lowater, in New York Sun.

THE EDGE OF THINGS

Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

Mr. Bryan is not the man to wait for calls. When he decides to run for president, it can be taken for granted that he will make an early beginning and prosecute a persistent canvass. The Democracy, therefore, may prepare to repeat its experiences of previous years, unless it has the nerve to break its bonds, abjure Bryanism forever and return to the profession and practice of the old-fashioned Democratic doctrines. Is there enough stamina in the party to enable such a departure?

Boston Herald.

The American farmer has made remarkable progress in recent years. As representing a class, he comes pretty near being the uncrowned king of the nation at the present time. And even before the conception of the great Uplift was born in the mind of the Personal Conductor, the farmer had found a way to send his sons and daughters to college, to bring the improvements of advancing civilization to his door, to live comfortably and healthfully, and to save money from which to contribute his share of the business capital of the country. The American farmer has managed to get along pretty well without the Personally Conducted Uplift. It may be that he is so busy at the present time attending his own business that he has neither the desire nor the opportunity for ballooning.

Mme. Geoffrin, like most Frenchwomen, had the gift of making phrases. When Ruhiere had read in her salon a work upon Russia, which she feared might involve him in difficulties, she offered him a sum of money to burn it. The author waxed wroth at the insinuation implied, and broke out into an eloquent assertion of his courage and independence. She listened patiently, and then, in a quiet tone of voice, said: "How much more do you want, M. Ruhiere?" She married, at the age of fourteen, M. Geoffrin, a wealthy glass manufacturer and lieutenant colonel of the National Guard. His duty as husband seems to have been to provide the funds for her social campaign and to watch over the details of the menage. It is related of him that some person gave him a history to read, and when he asked for the successive volumes, regularly palmed off upon him the first, as if it were new. At last he was heard to say that he thought the author "repeated himself a little." A book printed in double colun is he read straight across the page, remarking that "it seemed to be very good, but was rather abstract." One day a visitor inquired after the silent, white-haired old gentleman who was in the habit of sitting at the head of the table. "Oh, he was my husband," replied Mme. Geoffrin, "before he died."

The death of James W. Paul, the Philadelphia banker, recalls this story which he told at a Philadelphia club long ago: "I was going home one night late and saw a man making frantic but unsuccessful efforts to open a door with a latch key. After looking at him a few minutes I decided to help the man, who was not so far gone as to have forgotten his politeness, for before entering the house through the door which I succeeded in opening he asked my name and thanked me. I proceeded on my way, but had gone only a few steps when I heard some one call, "Mr. Paul! Mr. Paul!" I turned, and there was my friend of the latch key coming toward me with unsteady gait. When he reached me he put one hand affectionately on my shoulder, and, looking me in the face, said: 'Say, did you ever get an answer to that long letter you wrote to the Thessalonians?'"

Dr. Walter C. Smith, the popular Scotch poet-preacher, on one ocasion tried to explain to an old lady the meaning of the scriptural expression, "Take up they bed and walk," by saying that the bed was simply a mat or rug easily taken up and carried away. "No, no," replied the lady. "I canna believe that. The bed was a regular four-poster. There would be no miracle in walking away wi' a bit o' mat or rug on your back."

Elliot, attending his first wedding, was a most interested observer, says Harper's Monthly. The white gown and long veil of the bride apparently increased her size, while the evening clothes of the rather diminutive bridegroom made him seem still smaller. The disparity of size immediately attracted Elliot's attention, and, leaning over, he said in excited tones: "Mother, was father that little when we got him?"

An Irish boy marries when he has a red house, and an Irish girl just when she pleases, says Lippincott's. Sometimes she so pleases while yet her years are few; at other times she is content to wait upon wisdom. In the latter case, of course, she makes a wise choice; but in the former almost always a lucky one—for Luck is the guardian angel of the Irish.

"You're too young to marry yet, Mary," the mother said, when Mary pleaded that she should grant Laurence O'Mahony a particular boon.

"If you only have patience, mother, I'll cure meself of that fault," was Mary's reply.

"And she's never been used to work, Laurence," the mother said to the suitor, discouragingly.

"If you only have patience, ma'am," was Laurence's reply to this, "I'll cure her of that fault." And he did, too.

The proprietor of a tanyard was anxious to fix a suitable sign to his premises. Finally a happy thought struck him.

He bored a hole through the doorpost and stuck a calf's tail into it, with the tufted end outside.

After a while he saw a solemn-faced man standing near the door looking at the sign. The tanner watched him a minute, and then stepped out and addressed him.

"Good morning, sir," he said.

"Good morning," said the other, without taking his eyes off the sign.

"Do you want to buy leather?" asked the tanner.

"No."

"Perhaps you've got some hides to sell."

"No."

"Are you a farmer?"

"No."

"What are you, then?"

"I'm a philosopher. I've been standing here for nearly an hour, trying find out how that calf got through that hole."

Lippincott's.

'Almost every man," says a Baltimore specialist, "learns sooner or later to think of his doctor as one of his best friends, but this fact does not hinder the world from laughing at the profession.

"'How is our patient this morning?' asked a physician, a fellow-graduate of mine, of a patient's brother.

"'Oh, he's much worse,' came from the other in a tone of dejection. 'He's been delirious for several hours. At 3 o'clock he said, "What an old woman that doctor of mine is!" and he hasn't made a rational remark since.'"

Varieties

The United States produces more corn than all the rest of the world put together.

The temperature of flowers is always slightly higher than that of the surrounding atmosphere.

Lignous cement is coming into general use for roofing of houses in the vicinity of Lyons, France.

One of the highest trees in the world is the Australian gum, which often exceeds a height of 400 feet.

More than 6,000 persons are burned to death in the United States each year, according to government figures.

Of the 65,441,275 gallons of alcohol manufactured in France last year, more than 30,000,000 were made from beets.

Brazil's first immigrants from Japan recently sailed from Tokio to work on the railroads of the former country.

The Japanese government plans to introduce a bill in the coming diet providing for a national monopoly on medicines.

Japan is about to make her first real census. Heretofore the population has been estimated on the birth and death returns.

For the United States to investigate its water resources as thoroughly as does Switzerland would cost $110,000,000 a year.

More than 80,000,000 acres of the best agricultural lands in the United States are unproductive because they need drainage.

Every industrial country in the world except the United States revokes patents if not worked in the country granting them.

The United States takes almost all of North China's wool, one of the most important exports from that section of the empire.

The entire larnyx recently was removed from a woman in a Baltimore hospital. Though the operation cost her her voice, it saved her life.

The United States exports oranges worth $1,500,000 a year, mainly to Canada, most of the few that go to Europe being shipped to England.

Government scientists have discovered that the loco weed derives its poisonous qualities from the barium in the soil on which the weed grows.

A patent has been granted to a Tennessee man for an attachment to a cradle that waves a fan over the occupant as the cradle is rocked.

The latest thing in the electric light line is a mercury vapor lamp with a quartz tube in a glass globe, rated at 3,000 candle power.

Experiments have been under way for the past six years in Paris and Lyons with pavements composed of asphalt and rubber, with good results.

Ancient inscriptions, recently found in Egypt, show that the use of the bellows for blowing fires was known fifteen centuries before Christ.

The inventor of absinthe sold his secret for a trifle to a man who disposed of it for $50,000 to a third party who made millions by it.

Applications for patents on electrical novelties pour into the patent office at Washington in far greater numbers than for any other form of invention.

A French inventor has produced a horseshoe of leather, which is secured to the hoof with a mixture of cement and asphalt, to avoid the use of nails.

The secret formula for making the paper for the Bank of England notes is owned by a family to whom it has brought an enormous fortune in two generations.

Swedish match manufacturers have almost completely denuded that country of trees suitable for match sticks and are rapidly reducing Russia's available supply.

The Geological survey has issued for the use of colleges and schools a profusely illustrated book, giving thorough instruction in the interpretation of topographic maps.

An Indiana woman who recently was granted a patent on a skirt hanger has now patented a skirt measurer, consisting of a belt from which is suspended a tape measure.

Although the average annual damage by floods in the United States has never been accurately determined, a recent government estimate placed the figures at $100,000,000.

The process of distilling the dye from which the brilliant robes of the Catholic cardinals are made has been kept secret in a Protestant French family for many generations.

An armored automobile, designed to attack and destroy airships, is under construction at Berlin for the German army. It will carry a rapid fire gun and a crew of four men.

The recent discovery of human remains in a Swiss cave has led a German savant to declare that man lived there before the last glacial epoch, at least 100,000 years ago.

Two Cornell University students, John C. Burkhart and Oscar Frolicht, have invented a heavier-than-air flying machine which has made several successful flights.

Within the ten years that Christmas Island, in the Indian ocean, has been inhabited the native rats have been exterminated by the brown rats introduced from Europe.

Headaches caused by handling nitroglycerin and its products may be cured by drinking strong black coffee and applying cold wet bandages to the forehead and neck.

The German colonial authorities are considering the establishment of a forest reserve in the Cameroons in order that the rare fauna of the tropics may be preserved from extinction.

A mixture of sulphuric ether, denatured alcohol, benzene, gutta percha, glycerin and amyl acetate is used to waterproof paper and textile fabrics by a Parisian scientist.

The first steel ingot ever produced in Denmark, cast recently at Copenhagen, will be used as a pedestal for a bust of G. A. Hagemann, director of that city's polytechnic school.

An automobile street sweeper in use in Paris which sprays water on the pavement ahead of a revolving broom, uses but a gallon of water to each 1,200 square feet of surface.

To save time in restaurants, a Philadelphian has patented a spigot for coffee and tea urns which opens a valve and allows the contents to run out when a cup is pressed up against it.

A scientist has succeeded in perfecting a camera so rapid that it not only photographs flying bullets but the waves of condensed air in front of them and the rarefied air behind them.

In Denmark artificial butter is made by stirring a little salt and sugar into cocoanut fat, then kneading it with milk containing lactic acid bacteria, yolk of egg and a coloring substance.

The technologic branch of the geological survey is experimenting with a new oxygen apparatus, which may be worn like a knapsack to permit a man to enter po

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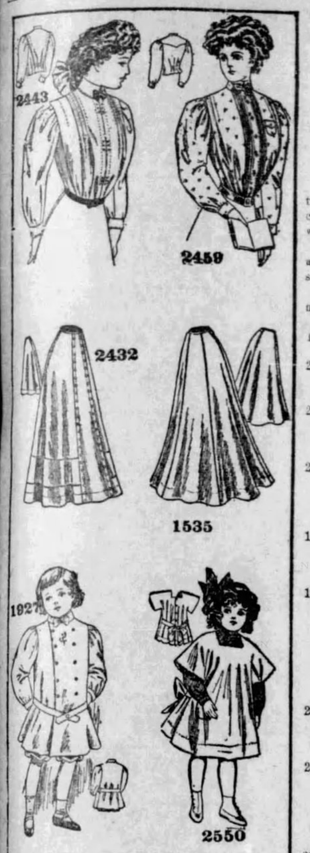

2443—Misses' Tucked Shirtwaist. A good model for linen, madras, taffetas or vivella flannel. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2459—Ladies' Tucked Shirtwaist, with or without Back-yoke Facing. Any of the pretty figured challis or linen make up well in this style. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2432—Ladies' Three-piece Skirt, Closed at Left Side of Front and with an Inverted Box-plait at the Centerback Seam. For a separate skirt or as part of a suit this is an excellent model. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

1535—Misses' Five-gored Skirt. A good model for everyday wear, and will develop well in almost any material. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

1927—Boys' Russian Suit, Consisting of a Blouse with Neckband for Adjustable Collars, and Sleeves Plaited at Bottom or Finished with Wristband, and Knickerbockers. Dark brown serge was used for this model with a double row of brass buttons down the front, the emblem being embroidered in gold cord. 4 sizes—2 to 5 years.

2550—Child's Apron. Persian or Victoria lawn, linen or batiste may be used in the development of this little apron. 5 sizes—1 to 9 years.

2562—Misses Semi-Princess Dress, with a Removable Chemisette, Long or Three-quarter Sleeves and an Attached Seven-gored Skirt. This pretty model was developed in old rose directoire satin with collar and cuffs of cream-colored all-over lace. 4 sizes—14 to 17 years.

2288—Infants' Petticoat and Pinning Blanket. The pinning blanket should be of flannel while the petticoat should develop well in any of the sheer white materials. One size.

2186—Child's Coat. An excellent model for any of the season's coatings. 5 sizes—1 to 9 years.

2420—Ladies' Dressing Sack, with three-quarter length sleeves. Made in pale blue flannel this little garment is both pretty and comfortable. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

2285—Ladies' Tucked Shirt-Waist with seven-eighths length sleeves. Nile-green liberty satin was used for this pretty model although it is adaptable to taffetas or China silk, lawn or batiste. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

1858—Girls' Sailor Suit, consisting of a blouse slipped on over the head, and a gathered skirt joined to an underwaist having a shield facing. Serge or flannel are the best mediums for dresses of this style. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

1811—Girls' Jumper Dress, with three-quarter length sleeves, plaited skirt and a sleeveless guimpe. Red serge with white flannel guimpe embroidered with red dots makes this a neat little model for best wear. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

1995—Ladies' Box-Plaited Dressing Sack, with three-quarter length sleeves. Challis or flannel in any desired shade would be pretty developed in this style. 4 sizes —32, 36, 40 and 44.

2568—Misses' Tucked Shirt-Waist, closing at left side of front and having seven-eighths length sleeves. This pretty little model will develop well in taffetas, serge, madras or linen. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2230—Child's French Dress, with square yoke, high or low neck and long or short sleeves. Developed in any of the sheer white materials this would make a pretty little party frock, or if made with high neck it would be pretty developed in challis, serge or cashmere. 4 sizes—3 to 9 years.

2074—Baby Dolls' Set, consisting of dress, slip or night-gown, petticoat and one-piece cap. This little outfit is pretty developed in white batiste, trimmed with lace insertion and edging, the cap being of embroidery flouncing. 5 sizes, for dolls 14 to 22 inches high (measuring from crown to sole.)

1887—Ladies' Kimono Wrapper and Sack, having center-back seam and with body and sleeves in one. Cashmere, flannel, challis or silk are all adaptable to this neat model. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

1999—Ladies' Lounging Gown in Empire Effect, with three-quarter length sleeves. The model here illustrated was developed in flowered cretonne. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

2074—Boys' Russian Suit, consisting of a blouse with a removable shield, and Knickerbockers. Flannel, serge and corduroy are excellent materials for this suit. 4 sizes—2 to 5 years.

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HOW RIFLE CLUBS MAY BE ORGANIZED IN SCHOOLS

Washington, D. C., Dec. 19.—Since the interest in schoolboy rifle practice has become so pronounced, owing to the successful tournaments held in New York and Washington and which are planned for other cities, the National Board for Promotion of Rifle Practice has received many inquiries as to the lines on which schoolboy rifle clubs should be organized.

To become affiliated with the National Rifle association, twenty or more students must organize into a club, first securing the consent of the school authorities. A president, treasurer, secretary and captain are elected from the members and by-laws provided by the National Rifle association must be adopted. These by-laws provide that all rifle and revolver competitions held by the club shall be governed by the rules and regulations laid down by the National Rifle association, and that any amendment to the by-laws shall be submitted to the National Rifle association for approval.

Clubs, when admitted, are presented annually with a medal for competition among its members. Combination targets and score sheets are also furnished free to the club to give the members an opportunity to qualify on the indoor range as junior marksmen.

Competitions for the National Rifle association medal must be held on an outdoor range at 200 yards on what is known as the "A" target. Any military rifle and any ammunition may be used and there are two sighting shots and ten shots for record in the standing and prone positions. Where the club has no range of its own the National Rifle association secures permission to use the nearest range of the regular army, national guard or rifle club.

The Junior Marksman's Medal is given only to schoolboys under 18 years. It is contested for with any 22 caliber rifle, with sights in front of the firing pin, glass barred. Any ammunition may be used. The distance is fifty feet, and the target the regular National Rifle association fifty-foot gallery target with one-inch bullseye. Ten shots are fired offhand and ten prone with no sighting shots. To qualify a competitor must make not less than forty points standing and 42 points prone, or a total of 82 out of a possible 100 .

It is possible also for boys to qualify as junior marksmen on what is known as a subtarget gun machine, where no ammunition is used, but where the shots are recorded electrically upon a target. To qualify on this machine a competitor must make a score of 45 or better in ten shots standing. There are also junior marksmen's medals which may be won by boys on the outdoor ranges, a U. S. army rifle or a military approved by the National Rifle association being used with any ammunition preferred. The distance is 200 yards, with ten shots standing and ten shots prone and two sighting shots at each position. Not less than forty points standing and 42 points prone or a total of 82 points out of a possible 100 must be made in order to qualify.

Systematic effort is being made to secure the formation of such rifle clubs in all agricultural colleges receiving support from the government, at all military schools where regular army officers are detailed as instructors and at high schools which have cadet companies.

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SECRETARY OF STATE

President-Elect Announces Appointment of U. S. Senator From Pennsylvania.

Augusta, Ga., Dec. 19.—United States Senator Philander C. Knox, of Pennsylvania, will be secretary of state in the Taft cabinet.

The appointment was announced by President-elect Taft last night, after the receipt by Mr. Taft of a telegram which came late yesterday afternoon conveying the information from Mr. Knox that he would accept the premiership of the Taft cabinet.

Mr. Taft, without delay, made the announcement that the matter was settled. In giving the details of the negotiations he said that the offer was made to Mr. Knox last Sunday morning in New York. That since the offer he had not heard from Mr. Knox until the telegram he received yesterday.

Made Appointment.

After a consultation with Secretary Root in Washington last Saturday afternoon Mr. Taft said he made an effort to see the Pennsylvania senator there, but was informed that he was in New York to attend the dinner of the Pennsylvania society. He wired Mr. Knox to see him at the Henry W. Taft residence Sunday morning. The appointment was kept, Mr. Knox concluding his visit in time for Judge Taft to attend morning church service.

"I feel that I am to be congratulated in securing the services of Senator Knox in my cabinet," said Judge Taft, in making the announcement. "In selecting a secertary of state I wanted first a great lawyer, and secondly a man who would fill the public eye, not only here, but abroad, as a man who stands out pre-eminently as a great American.

"Mr. Knox was a great attorney general; he was a prominent candidate for the presidency, and he is recognized in the senate and elsewhere as one of the great lawyers of that body."

Two Now Named.

Judge Taft also feels, from a political viewpoint, the selection of Mr. Knox is most happy.

For secretary of agriculture it is practically conceded that James Wilson, of Iowa, will be continued in the place for a year or more. The appointment of Frank H. Hitchcok to be postmaster general already has been announced authoritatively.

KNOX HAS GOOD RECORD

Friends Say He Was a Pioneer in Trust Busting Business.

Washington, Dec. 19.—Senator Philander C. Knox, while attorney general, established a high record for his relentless prosecution of so-called trusts. One of his important victories was the suit against the Northern Securities company, a corporation with an authorized capitial of $400,000,000, organized for the purpose of taking over the capital stock of the Northern Pacific and Great Northern railroads, two competing lines, and, in effect, merging them.

Mr. Knox also waged a notable fight against the so-called "beef trust." He filed an action against seven of the beef corporations in 1902, charging the defendants with being in a conspiracy in restraint of trade, and succeeded in having the unlawful combination dissolved. Soon afterward Mr. Knox instituted proceedings against fourteen railroad corporations charging them with combination in restraint of trade. These suits were fought through the courts and finally won. Senator Knox's friends declare that he was a pioneer in the movement to control corporations.

The Panama canal purchase in 1903 by the United States government for $40,000,000, recently the subject of a special message from the President, was "actually carried through by the then attorney general, P. C. Knox," to use the President's own language.

Scramble for Place.

Philadelphia, Dec. 19.—Early indications point to a scramble among well known Republicans to succeed United States Senator P. C. Knox, who has accepted the offer of President-elect Taft to become secretary of state in the Taft cabinet. Following a custom in Pennsylvania which gives both the east and west representation in the senate, Mr. Knox's successor will come from the western part of the state. At least a half dozen candidates have been mentioned over night, all of them residing in or near Pittsburg.

It is believed here that Senator Knox will not resign from the senate until some time after January 20, on which date the legislature will meet in joint session to elect a senator for the term beginning March 4.

The Republican caucus will be held January 4. Senator Knox's term expires March 4, 1911, and his successor will be elected to serve out the unexpired term.

The men already mentioned for the senatorship are George T. Oliver, owner of the Gazette-Times, and William Flinn, former state senator and political leader of Allegheny county; H. C. Frick, Congressman James Francis Burke, John Dalzell and George F. Huff, of Greensburg; Supreme Court Justice John P. Elkin and J. V. Thompson, millionaire and banker of Uniontown.

EASY FOR ENLISTED MAN TO SAVE $13,000 OR MORE

Soldier Can Deposit Half His Pay With U. S. at Four Per Cent and Have Nearly $24,000 at Retirement.

Washington, Dec. 19.—A dispatch from San Francisco telling how a soldier of the regular army has saved $13,000 of his pay by means of the army deposit system, and was about to live on the interest of that sum plus $67.50 a month from the government as his retired pay, was commented upon by a recruiting sergeant and pinned to the door of the station in his charge.

"That's a pretty good argument to win recruits with," remarked the sergeant as he pointed to the newspaper clipping. "It is more convincing than the bright-colored lithographs showing people the different kinds of uniforms they can have if they'll enlist."

Saved $13,000.

The soldier who had saved $13,000 was retired as a post quartermaster-sergeant at Fort Rosecrans. His case, so far as the amount is concerned, is not a common one, but it is by no means unusual, and it is possible, as explained by Col. Henry O. S. Heistand, adjutant-general of the department of the east, for an enlisted man to save much more than $13,000.

"Yes, $13,000 is very good," remarked Col. Heistand at Governor's Island yesterday, "but it is not the best possible by any means. The very best saving, for instance, that could be made in the ranks up to the time of retirement would be $23,989.27. That is possible for a master electrician in the army, a chief musician, or a sergeant in the band. The retired pay of a man who has reached one of those three grades is $90 a month, which, together with the interest on his savings, would give him $169.96 a month for the rest of his life. If he enlisted at 18 years of age he would be only 43 when that competence came to him.

The Deposit Plan.

"The soldier may deposit his savings in amounts of not less than $5.00 with the government and receive 4 per cent interest on the amount. The retired pay, counting everything, is from $34.50 to $90 per month, according to the soldier's grade at date of retirement. For any grade it may be determined by taking three-quarters of the monthly pay of the grade and adding to it $15.75, which is paid in lieu of food, clothing, quarters, fuel, and light.

"Periods of service in the Philippines, Alaska, Cuba, and elsewhere beyond the continental limits of the United States, except Hawaii and Porto Rico, count double for retirement.

"With five or six years on foreign station, where the time counts double, and the pay is increased 20 per cent, the soldier may retire after about twenty-five years of actual service. If he were 21 years old at date of original enlistment he could retire at the age of 46; and if with the consent of parents or guardians he enlisted at 18, he would be only 43 when eligible for retirement. He is yet a young, vigorous man.

All Necessaries Provided.

"But a careful man would save half of his cash pay when all necessaries were provided. If he has remained a private soldier, the very lowest position in the army, during his entire twenty-five or thirty years' service without ever having received any 'extra duty' pay or other special increase, and has saved and deposited with the government one-half his pay, and the amounts due him on discharge each time he re-enlists, he quits the army with the snug sum of $9,076.73, the income of which at 4 per cent would yield $30.25 per month; this added to his retired pay, which is $34.50 per month, gives him a monthly income of $64.75 per month for the rest of his life, and he is free to go and do wherever and whatever he pleases.

"For a soldier to remain a private is almost impossible; such a condition could result only from excessive indolence or a degree of stupidity that would seem to be a bar to original or subsequent enlistment."

FOUR HUNDRED SICK TO ONE BED, SAYS ASSOCIATION

Fifteen thousand beds and 600,000 patients, or 400 consumptives for every bed, is a statement made by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis in its investigation as to the need of beds for destitute consumptives in the United States.

Gathering statistics from every state in the country and from every hospital in which any provision whatever is made for tuberculosis patients, it has been found that the total number of beds provided, btohb by public and private resources, is less than 5,000. Over against these figures, the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis has placed the fact that there are, according to the estimate of the United States Bureau of the Census, at least 600,000 living cases of tuberculosis in this country and that at least 200,000 persons die from this disease every year.

When analyzed as to their geographical distribution, New York state leads the list with 3,556 beds, while Pennsylvania comes next with over 1,500. Colorado and Massachusetts each have over 1,250, while New Mexico, the next in order, has 915 beds for consumptives. Several states provide less than 20 beds, among these being Delaware, Kansas and South Carolina, while some of the states, such as Idaho, Wyoming, Utah and Nevada, make no provision whatever for tuberculous patients, either in private or public hospitals.

The Adirondack region in New York state; Colorado, and particularly the sections about Denver and Colorado Springs; New Mexico, Arizona, and the Southwest; and North Carolina, are the principal resorts for consumptives. The recent demonstrations of experts, however, that tuberculosis can be cured in any climate, has led to a considerable distribution of the bed capacity and has called into existence a large number of small sanatoria, hospitals, and day camps, some of them with a capacity of only six beds. This is shown by the fact that, while the number of sanatoria during the last four years has more than doubled, the increase in the number of beds has been only about 50 per cent.

The most striking fact emphasized by the investigation is that, while the lack of beds for all classes of consumptives is so manifest throughout the country, the number of beds needed for advanced cases is far greater than the number needed for all the other stages put together. Of the 15,000 beds at present available for all classes of consumptives, less than 5,000 are for advanced cases. Computing that there are at least 200,000 living cases in the advanced stages of tuberculosis in the United States at the present time, the need for a large number of additional beds for this most deserving class is evident. Dr. John S. Billings, of the health department of New York city, estimates that about 60 to 70 per cent of the advanced cases are unable to provide for their proper care at home. This means that over 120,000 beds in hospitals for advanced cases should be provided. The need for accommodation for advanced cases is further emphasized by the fact that every expert and specialist has agreed on this conclusion, that consumption will never be eradicated until the advanced cases of the disease are isolated, either in their homes or in institutions. Dr. Koch says, "Every case of tuberculosis should be isolated as long as bacilli are there." Dr. Arthur Newsholme, one of the best English specialists on tuberculosis, says that the only way in which the death-rate from consumption can be reduced is by segregating all advanced cases, because these are the centers of infection from which the disease spreads.

It is not difficult, the National Association affirms, to cure consumption in its early stages, but it is impossible to effect a cure in the latter stages of the disease, and, consequently, these cases should be removed or isolated in their homes in order to prevent the infection of persons living with them. But they cannot be removed or isolated unless hospitals are provided for that purpose; and with this end in view, a campaign to secure more accommodations for advanced cases of tuberculosis is being carried on all over the country. When enough beds are provided, it is estimated that the death-rate from consumption will be cut in half and there will be an annual saving to the country of 100,000 lives.

GEORGIA GREETS TAFT

President-elect and Wife Cheered by Crowd at Augusta.

Augusta, Ga., Dec. 18.—A vociferous Georgia welcome was extended to William H. Taft, president-elect of the United States, on his arrival here at 10:35 o'clock today. The big train shed was crowded with people who cheered lustily as the form of Mr. Taft appeared on the car platform. An official welcome was extended him by a large committee headed by President L. C. Hayne, of the local Chamber of Commerce.

Mrs. Taft also was cheered by the crowd, which surged around the party on its way through the station to the waiting automobile of Mr. and Mrs. Landon A. Thomas, whose house guests the Tafts will be until Monday, when they will occupy the Terrett cottage.

The Thomas home is near the Bon Air hotel, three miles out of the city, and the Terret cottage is adjacent to the hotel.

As the automobile moved away a company of Georgia's mounted militia fell behind as an escort of honor.

Mr. Taft acknowledged the demonstration both at the station and as he was driven through the city by raising his hat and making a plentiful distribution of the "Taft smile."

The trip from New York, which was begun yesterday morning early, and interrupted at Washington for luncheon and a conference at the White House, ended with no further incident.

Judge W. F. Eve, who has returned here from Washington, made the announcement that President Roosevelt had promised him he would visit Augusta during the stay of Mr. Taft.

TAFT NEGRO'S FRIEND

New York, Dec. 17.—Booker T. Washington, who is spending a week in this city, where he is scheduled to make a number of addresses, expressed himself last night as highly gratified with the address President-elect Taft made at the North Carolina society's dinner last week.

Mr. Washington said: "In Mr. Taft the colored man has a friend, who better understands him, perhaps, than any President since Abraham Lincoln."

MEMBERS OF ANANIAS CLUB.

The Ananias club, of which President Roosevelt is the founder, is growing and will probably contain a large membership before the 4th of next March.

The club is composed of those men, and one woman, who have contradicted Mr. Roosevelt on some of his theories or have pointed out to the public some little discrepancies in the President's words or acts. Mrs. Bellamy Storer, wife of the former ambassador to Austria, is the only woman in the club. The full membership is as follows:

W. E. Chandler, former United State senator from New Hampshire, who said the President authorized him to treat with Democratic senators to secure passage of the railroad rate bill.

Joseph W. Bailey, of Texas, United States senator, whose statements regarding railroad rate legislation were denied.

Judson Harmon, now governor-elect of Ohio, who said the President declined to prosecute Paul Morton, then secretary of the navy, for giving rebates as an official of the Santa Fe railroad.

Alton B. Parker, Democratic nominee for the presidency in 1904, who was roundly denounced for accusations he made regarding contributions by the "interests" to the Republican campaign fund.

Rev. W. J. Long, of Connecticut, whose statements regarding animal life were declared "nature fakes."

Henry W. Whitney, of Massachusetts, who quoted the President's statements regarding the tariff.

Herbert W. Bowden, formerly Venezuelan minister, who charged that Francis B. Loomis had been involved in financial scandals, and that Roosevelt knew it.

Bellamy Storer, formerly ambassador to Austria, who charged the President tried to obtain favors at the Vatican for a prelate of the Catholic church in America.

Mrs. Bellamy Storer, who made public the "Dear Maria" letters to her by Mr. Roosevelt.

George O. Shields, president of the League of American Sportsmen, who said the President favored prohibiting the use of automatic shotguns in the territories.

John F. Wallace, former chief engineer of the Panama canal, who resigned after a few months' service.

E. H. Harriman, who wrote a friend that he had been asked by Roosevelt to raise campaign funds in 1904.

Richmond Pearson Hobson, who declared in the Democratic national convention at Denver that the President had predicted war with Japan.

Luke E. Wright, secretary of war, who announced that the President had instructed him to reinstate eight West Point cadets, suspended for hazing.

William M. Laffan, editor of the New York Sun, who published a story, "Roosevelt and Prairie Oil," relative to the granting of a franchise to the Prairie Oil and Gas company in Oklahoma.

Delavan Smith, editor of the Indianapolis News, whose paper, published an editorial asking for light on the rumored Panama canal deal.

Joseph Pulitzer, of the New York World, whose paper first gave publicity to the story of the rumored Panama canal deal.

SLATED FOR PLACE IN TAFT CABINET

MYRON T. HERRICK.

of Cleveland, O., who is mentioned as the man favored by Taft for Secretary of the Treasury.

HERRICK FOR PORTFOLIO

Cleveland Banker Mentioned for Secretary of Treasury in Taft Cabinet.

Washington, Dec. 21.—Cabinet builders at the national capital and those who have moved to Georgia as a part of the entourage of President-elect Taft are succeeding in placing on the anxious bench public men in all sections of the country who have been looked upon as aspirants for portfolios or whose qualifications have been urged by admiring friends.

Slate Nearly Finished.

The announcement of the appointment of Frank H. Hitchcock to be postmaster general, followed by that of Senator Philander C. Knox to be secretary of state, and the generally accepted report that George W. Wickersham, of New York, is the choice of Mr. Taft for attorney general, indicates that the slate is being made up rapidly and that an announcement of the entire cabinet may be expected before many weeks.

Probably the most difficult place remaining to be filled is that of secretary of the treasury. Among the Ohio men mentioned are former Governor Myron T. Herrick and Representative Burton. The rumor that there has been a break in the cordial relations that have existed between Mr. Burton and Mr. Taft is not generally credited by the friends of both in this city and in many quarters Mr. Burton is still regarded as a possibility for the second post of importance in the cabinet.

Knox to View List.

A special from Augusta, Ga., where Mr. Taft is now, says that when Senator Knox arrives here this week Mr. Taft will submit to him for his inspection and approval the following cabinet list:

Secretary of state—Philander C. Knox, of Pennsylvania.

Secretary of the treasury—Myron T. Herrick, of Ohio.

Attorney general—George W. Wickersham, of New York.

Secretary of war—Charles Magoon.

Secretary of the navy—William Loeb, of New York, or Charles A. Thompson, of New York.

Secretary of the interior—Richard A. Ballinger, of Seattle, Wash.

Postmaster general—Frank H. Hitchcock, of Massachusetts.

Secretary of agriculture—James M. Wilson, (the present secretary.)

Secretary of commerce and labor—George A. Kight, of California.

CABINET MAY SURPRISE

Statesmen Who Have Been Juggling With List of Possibilities Make Wrong Guesses.

Washington, Dec. 18.—There will be no room in the Taft cabinet for men whose public record does not ante-date the days of the tennis cabinet.

That is the word that has been passed along from men who are so close to President-elect Taft that there is no question about its authenticity.

For that reason, there are many tremblings among those who are carrying about cabinet portfolios, and there are some of them who are squeezing the aforesaid port folios in such a way that there seems to be no danger of them getting away right now.

President-elect Taft has let it be known that he wants a cabinet that will be full of weight—mental weight, that is—and will stand behind him when he has a set-to with congress, if he has one.

Must Be Great Lawyer.

Among other things, the president-elect wants a man for the secretaryship of state who has a reputation as a great lawyer. He must be tried as well as skilled and must be known the length and breadth of the land as a man of ability. That is why the president-elect would like to retain Elihu Root in the place.

Because of his experience in the far east, in Panama, and in dealings with foreign governments, Judge Taft has high ideals as to the secretaryship of state. He believes that the time is not far distant when the American secretary of state will be the real premier of the administration, as the corresponding official is in many of the European cabinets. As time goes on, the foreign relations will grow more and more complicated, as they have grown in the past few years. Already this year, Secretary of State Root has announced that the present department must be reorganized into at least three bureaus to handle the work connected with Europe, the far east, and the Latin and South American countries. As the United States has leaped since 1898 to the very front ranks of world powers, the office of the secretary of state has increased in importance at a rate that can hardly be appreciated by those who do not come into contact with its work.

Postmaster General Meyer has been talked of for the place, but he is not a great lawyer. Elihu Root will become a senator from New York, so he, too, is out of the calculations. Senator Knox, of Pennsylvania, is regarded as a man capable of taking the place, and there are many who would not be surprised to see him do it.

Former Senator Spooner, regarded while in the senate as the best student of the constitution in the United States, is capable of filling the place. But Spooner quit the senate to make money, and he is doing it. In fact, report has it that he is doing so well making money that he could not be induced to return to public life.

So it is pretty safe to say that the secretary of state for the Taft cabinet is not yet picked.

Mr. Taft's secretary of the treasury must be a man well versed in what might be called academic finance, and it will not be against him if he has a practical knowledge of banking. He also must be a man who is absolutely free of any indications of Wall street affiliations. Lyman J. Gage came to the post from the head of a great banking corporation in Chicago. He would not answer the purpose for the Taft cabinet place, nor would any of the men with whom Mr. Gage had been associated. Material for this post seems quite scarce.

James R. Garfield, of Ohio, has been much discussed as his own probable successor, but if Mr. Taft insists upon his requirement that all members must have grown to cabinet size before their affiliations with the present administration, Mr. Garfield will be disqualified.

The Law Department.

An attorney general who is a nationally known man is another thing Mr. Taft wants.

He wants a man who is more of a closet lawyer than a "trust buster." Being a jurist himself, he wants a thoroughly organized and well conducted department of law. At its head he would want a man who will be able to counsel and advise with him as to the policies which will stand the test of constitutionality, or experience, and of public policy. He is anxious to present a defensible program to congress. While he does not want a "trust buster," this does not mean that Mr. Taft will take less interest in enforcing the laws. It means that he is likely to go about it in a way that will differ materially from those employed in the last seven years.

In fact, it may be stated that when the Taft cabinet is announced, it will surprise a large group which has been juggling with a list of obvious possibilities.

ROOSEVELT WARNED

Told to Beware of Dangerous African Bugs.

Washington, Dec. 17.—African bug bites are more dangerous than tusk and claw of big beasts, J. O. Thompson, of Richmond, Ind., told President Roosevelt yesterday. Mr. Thompson is an African expert.

He said that the bite of one kind of insect produces blood poisoning, while the bite of the tsetse fly is supposed to bring on the frequently fatal "sleeping sickness."

At the President's request, Mr. Thompson promised to write out for him all the information that might be of use on the African hunt.

A Weighty Question.

Puck.

"I took in two dollars just now," said the first promoter. "Good enough," declared the second promoter. "Shall we issue additional stock to correspond with our increased capital, or shall we have lunch?"

WILL INVESTIGATE

House and Senate Adopt Resolutions to Probe Into President's Secret Service Paragraph.

Washington, Dec. 17.—The merry, merry war between the executive and legislative branches of the United States government is on in earnest at last, and now Washington, and, in fact, the entire country is anxiously awaiting the results.

Late yesterday afternoon the senate definitely decided to enter upon an investigation relative to that portion of the annual message which criticizes the action of congress in prohibiting the detail of secret service men to duty in other departments of the government.

This afternoon Chairman Perkins, of the house committee appointed to recommend a course of action relative to the message, presented a report of that committee.

The report recommends the adoption of a resolution calling upon the President to supply the house with the evidence upon which he based his statement that the members of the house were principally concerned over the fact that the secret service men had been investigating members themselves.

The house adopted the Perkins resolution without a dissenting vote and after very little comment.

ROSE IS VINDICATED

Beaten for Senator, His County Goes Dry.

Marietta, Dec. 19.—Washington county went "dry" yesterday by 1,402. Senator Rose, father of the Rose law, beaten by 1,200 at the last general election, when he sought to succeed himself in the Ohio assembly, has been vindicated by his people.

The "wets" fell down miserably. In Marietta, which they expected to carry by 1,000, their majority is but 317. Four precincts of the thirty-three outside Marietta were all they could carry. Seventeen months ago they carried Marietta at a Beal law election by 1,143. The county outside Marietta went "dry" by 1,719.

Waterford, the home precinct of Senator Rose, gave the "drys" a majority of 178. The total vote in the county was about 11,000, nearly 1,000 short of the November election poll.

Thirty-seven saloons, one brewery and one distillery are voted out.

1,094 BOAT DISASTERS

$11,000,000 Worth of Property Saved.

Washington, Dec. 17.—There were 1,094 vessel disasters in the United States in the past fiscal year, resulting in a property loss of $1,863,290 and the loss of twenty-two lives, according to the annual report of General Superintendent Kimball, of the United States life saving service.

There were 708 casualties to smaller craft, resulting in a loss of six lives. Because of the assistance of the life savers $13,000,000 worth of property involved in disasters, more than $11,000,000 worth was saved. The life saving establishment now comprises 280 stations.

KILLED BY BANDITS

Highwaymen Slay Peddler and Get $3,000.

St. John, N. B., Dec. 21.—Patrick Green, of Montreal, a peddler, was killed near Plaster Rock, N. B., today by highwaymen, who made their escape with a valise said to contain $3,000.

The rifled valise has been found by the posse, which started in pursuit of the murderers. Owing to the deep snow it is believed that the men will be captured, as they cannot conceal their tracks.

WANTED, AMERICAN

Russians Seek Man to Grow Corn for Them.

Washington, Dec. 18.—An opportunity for some highly educated and thoroughly practical American agriculturist is offered by the government agricultural society of Bessarabia, Russia, which wants a man to take charge of an experiment station which it proposes to establish. The purpose of the station is to demonstrate the possibility of corn as a profitable crop for South Russian farmers.

Special Agent Dennis, in a report to the bureau of manufactures, says that the society will pay the right man $4,000 a year and furnish him gratis a comfortable home to live in.

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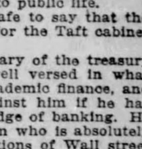

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MERRY CHRISTMAS
TO THE HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNGFOLKS

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace.

MONDAY

At Christmastide, O be thou tender, true;
Thy friends make glad, and all thy foes forgive;
With its sweet light begin to live anew,
Ungrudging give, and giving, much receive.

TUESDAY

Make thy glad life grow large, thy soul expand;
Let there be one full day within the year,
When love shall open wide thy waiting hand,
To lessen want and dry some bitter tear.

WEDNESDAY

Give wisely, freely of thy bounty give,
And most of all, do not forget, give love;
Since giving is the truest way to live,
And richest treasure laying up above.

THURSDAY

Make glad thy home, let sunshine reign within,
Bless every hearthstone with thy largess fair;
Share with pale want thine overflowing bin,
By kindness save some other from despair.

FRIDAY

Be a good Christian, do thou good and well,
Smile and be noble, do not harshly judge;
With "Peace, Good Will," let life's glad anthem swell,
Nor any soul its happy hours grudge.

SATURDAY

Let the true Christ in your own soul be born;
And make each dawn a joyous Christmas morn!

THE GOOD OF CHRISTMAS

ELIZABETH AYRES

What is the good of Christmas?

There may be several answers to this question, but to narrow down to one, its greatest good is because there are so many who are trying to make others happy. It is the season when there is more exhilarating happiness than at any other time of the year. Wherever Christmas is celebrated there is a wholesale deal in happiness, and the joy of giving prompts unselfishness and stimulates good will.

With each succeeding year the eagerness to give seems to be increasing. The strings of full purses are loosened so that the poor may be remembered, and there are those without number who go searching for the lonely and unfortunate, to carry Christmas cheer which otherwise might be lacking. The almost universal desire to confer happiness lends to life a diviner meaning and a kindlier habit. It is in the air for weeks before Christmas brings the happiness-making to a climax. The great majority of the world is busied with thoughts of others and is awake to the privilege of making others happy.

The children can think and talk of little else. All a-quiver with excitement, they wonder if there is a real Santa Claus, or if it is father and mother who give them their hearts' desire. If there was none else concerned with Christmas save the children, it would be worth while. The memory of a happy childhood never can be taken away, no matter what may be the storm and stress of after years.

What matters it if one becomes weary and perplexed in the process of Christmas shopping and planning? Christmas shopping and planning mean thought for others; a wish to make others happy with some token of love or friendship. The perplexity arises from anxiety to give to others what will please them most.

There are few who can give as freely as they would like, and, at the Christmas season money limitations are keenly felt, not always because of personal denial, but because they hamper generous inclinations. Those who profess to dislike Christmas, to dread its coming, and to be relieved when it has passed, in most cases are really troubled by their inability to do as much for others as they wish. This, for the greater part, is the secret of Christmas discontent, though it may not be thus understood by those who feel it.

Christmas is the best possession of mankind. For one day, at least, the spirit of love and joy and peace is in the ascendant. Hearts are warm, sympathy ready, and mean motives are forgotten.

Everyone is not in this spirit, you say. This is true, but there are enough who are glad, to make a vast majority and spread a great happiness over the land.

Get into the swing of it, and think what a tremendous force is the universal happiness, what a general conspiracy to make the world beautiful, is this sweeping tide of thought which makes others the first consideration.

Christmas is an event set deep in history. Arguments may arise as to its origin, but the old, old story of the nativity is the one which has endured for ages, has influenced life, and has held the world together.

"Glory to God in the highest and on earth, peace," were the first strains of the gloria in excelsis, and when we join in the Christmas task of happiness-making we take up the angel symphony and give it new breath on this gladsome day of days.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer; scattering sunshine along the way.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS

With the coming of Christmas, sweetest memories float back to us of our childhood. How impatiently we waited for the day with its candies, cakes and toys. Happy days were those, with mother, father, sisters and brothers to join together in the Christmas jubilee.

Time has changed. Those who were children then, are now men and women. The mothers that rejoiced and smiled with love and devotion, because of the glad hearts they had made, have grown old and gray. The children are scattered; some are married, while others are sleeping in the silence.

Christmas does not seem like it used to, although it is the same old Christmas. Many homes where once was heard pattering footsteps and childish voices shouting, "Christmas gift!" are now silent and still, but in pondering over the past, I seem to hear a voice saying: "Though the place of your childhood be lonely and desolate, I whose birthday you celebrate, still liveth. Worship thou me, and grieve not after things past and gone, but look for things to come."

What can be more humble than the place of our Savior's birth? I imagine I see Joseph and Mary enter the stable. Mary takes her babe, wraps it in swaddling clothes, and lays it in the manger. In the far distance, I see a body of men approaching. They come and enter where the child Jesus lies. They begin to take presents from their bags, and I fancy I can see the face of the babe's mother, shining with a heavenly light as she receives these presents and lays them down one by one in this lowly place.

Think of it! Jesus, the son of God, born in a manger, and come down into the world in an infant form to live and die for us. Oh, what love, what love! It is no wonder the angels of heaven chanted "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will toward men."
—Mrs. W. H. Fogleman.

A DELIGHTFUL HOLIDAY

I think Christmas such a delightful holiday, and I am one of those fortunate people who enjoy the anticipation quite as much as the realization. I enjoy planning and getting ready, as I am one of a large family. As my "John" is not a man of wealth, it is not possible to make each one a gift, so we remember especially the children and older ones, also the absent ones with at least a post card to show that they are not forgotten. I do not believe in giving useless articles as gifts. I would rather have some handy kitchen article, than something to hang upon the wall to catch dust, and in a short time be put in the stove.

I make pretty good home-made candies of several varieties, and I find I can fill small cardboard boxes and they make nice gifts. I always remember all the old people in my neighborhood with a box at Christmas time and they seem to enjoy it. Old people like to have some of the fun going, and you know they are sometimes left out. We taught our children there was a Santa and I think children who have never been allowed to believe in Santa Claus have missed something in their lives. As my children grew older they were satisfied that father and mother were their Santa.
—Ruth.

THE BEST GIFT

It seems to me that everybody ought to be happy when they think of Christmas, for it brings so many happy thoughts to mind. I think if we want to honor the day, it should be the happiest one of the year. We should have our minds fixed more on the event which was the beginning of our Christmas than anything else. I sometimes think we do not fully appreciate the greatest Christmas gift the world has ever known, but I hope all the readers of The Blade will try to think who gave the blessed gift, and try to do all that is possible to repay him.

I am so glad when we get our paper, I can turn to the Household page and read the good and helpful letters which are written there. They are so filled with encouragement and good thought for the whole family.

I wish our circle of Cozy Corner members could spend one Christmas together, but as this is impossible, we can all strive to live right and to live with Jesus, our best Christmas gift.—Susie, of Ky.

WHAT CHRISTMAS MEANS

Is it not great to realize that Christmas is here again with its joys and its gifts? And yet it brings sorrow, too, to many hearts. Let us hope and pray that all those who know of Jesus will enjoy a glorious day, and not forget what it means. We know that on that day Jesus came into this world as a little child. The child came for a divine purpose—to be the Savior of mankind. Why should anyone who is burdened with sin hesitate to go to him for forgiveness and cleansing?

I sincerely hope that those who give presents this Christmas day will give them as tokens of love. It is a real blessing to me when I make a gift to some one and my love goes with it. May Christmas bring you joy.—M. E. M.

MAKE OTHERS HAPPY

There is nothing in history or out of it that can turn us against Christmas. "Peace on earth, good will to men," was proclaimed by the angels of God. How true it is there is nothing that enters our hearts on that day but good will to everybody.

There are many poor little boys and girls who will be destitute of the good cheer that Christmas will bring. Let us who can put smiles on their faces, gladness in their hearts, and sunshine in their homes. Christmas should be given to the poor so they may have at least one happy day in the year. The more people we make happy, the more we shall enjoy our own happiness. We must divide happiness in order to appreciate and enjoy it ourselves.—Uncle John.

A PHOTOGRAPHER'S WIFE

I have been a reader of The Blade for only a few months, but I think there is no other paper like it, and I enjoy the letters from the sisters best of all. I am an "Illinoisan," being born and raised in the state. I have been married ten years but have no little ones. I almost envy those of the dear sisters who have children. My husband and I are both lovers of children.

I am trying to live a Christian life, so I trust that God knows all things best. He has blest me with a happy home and a good husband. My husband is a photographer, and I have learned to do all of the work in the studio. I attend to the business quite often by myself, while my husband is doing something else. I do all of my own housework, too. I will sign my name,—My Husband's Helper.

AN OLD LADY'S LETTER

I am an old lady seventy years of age. I have been reading The Blade for several years, but this is the first time I ever attempted to write to any paper. I enjoy reading the letters in the Cozy Corner, especially those from Kentucky, my native state. I was born in Scott county, near the great crossings on the waters of Elkhorn. I came with my parents to Upshur county, W. Va., in 1854. My father's name was Mason Fitzgerald. I am the oldest of twelve children. I married A. J. Row, of Barbour county, W. Va. I have two girls living and two dead; five living grandchildren and one little grandson.

W. Va., is a very hilly country, but it is rich in coal and oil. I hope some of my relatives in Kentucky will read this and know where I am. I hope I shall meet all my dear ones where parting is no more.—Mary H. Row.

INQUIRY ANSWERED

For the one who asked how to can pumpkin, Mrs. John Blakeslee kindly sends the following directions:

Peel and cut the pumpkin in cubes about one-half inch square. Cook until tender in water sufficient to cover. Do not let the cubes cook to pieces, but can as whole as possible with water enough to fill in the crevices and cover the top when the can is packed full. Seal tight, wrap the cans in paper to shield them from the light, and store in a cool, dry place. Use cans with glass tops and put on new rubbers. When the pumpkin is wanted for the table cook all the water out of it and press through a colander.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

I wish to say thanks to those who wrote the Christmas letters which help to make the Cozy Corner a pleasant place to visit today. There is never an appeal made in this column which is not answered and the prompt responses show that the "help one another" spirit of our motto is not only preached, but it is also practiced. May your Christmas day be filled with happiness.

My people, I love you.—Your Editor.

I b'lieve in havin' a good time when you start out to have it. If you git knocked out of one plan, you want to git yerself another right quick, before your sperrits has a chance to fall.—Mrs. Wiggs.

Brown Eyes from Penn., Pete, Birdie, and Mic Highan have written us recently.

All letters for this page should be addresser to The Weekly Blade, Toledo, O., with "Household Editor" written on the lower left-hand corner of the envelope.

CHRISTMAS IN MANY LANDS

Perhaps the Germans are the world's greatest lovers of Christmas, and it is to Germany that we owe the Christmas tree; legend having it that Martin Luther was the first to bring into his home a little fir on which he hung candles. Now the supplying of Christmas trees is a great business in every city of the world, and thousands of acres must be stripped of the young pines, firs, and holly trees to supply the demand.

A German family could hardly conceive a Christmas without a tree, and gifts are planned and prepared weeks before the great day. The tree is placed in a room which is kept carefully locked, and by noon on the 24th day of December every decoration is in place, and the gifts hung, so that at six o'clock the door may be thrown open and the mysterious "Christmas room" revealed. Pfeffer-Kuchen, a ginger and spice cake, is found in every German home, from the palace to the cottage, at Christmas time. In the villages may be seen "Knecht Ruprecht," an old man dressed in fur, who goes about with a huge bag of toys and sweets upon his back and a rod in his hand, handing out little gifts to the good and warning the bad children.

In Italy Christmas is a season of church going, and the Christmas tree is little known, though gifts are exchanged, and there is a great dinner, the feature of which is a capon taking the place of the American turkey.

The Russian working people seize Christmas as an occasion for ceasing work for a somewhat lengthy period—sometimes for a month. The clergy call upon their flock and receive substantial presents, not infrequently grudgingly presented. "Kolenda" is the celebration of Christmas eve, when the peasants gather about the houses of the nobles, sing carols, and scramble for the coins tossed from the windows. Then comes a great masquerade, when peasants of all ages dress themselves to represent animals, the idea being to perpetuate the memory of the lowliness of the Savior's birth in a stable.

In Roumania it is the custom to bless the Danube at Christmas, and a procession consisting of priests and people dressed to represent Biblical characters, moves through the streets singing chants, and so to the banks of the river. The ice on the stream is broken, and a small wooden cross thrown into the water. Any one who can recover this cross is regarded as extremely fortunate, and sure of good luck for the remainder of the year.

A quaint and impressive ceremonial is observed in Holland on Christmas eve. At midnight the men of the towns and villages meet, dressed in varied costumes, in the public squares. One is selected, and into his charge is given a large illuminated star mounted upon a pole, and with this star as a guide—as the wise men were guided to Bethlehem—a procession winds through the streets, the men chanting the "Gloria in Excelsis." After the parade a great supper is served, and the Christmas day has begun.

Above every Norwegian ridge-pole on Christmas day there hangs a sheaf of wheat—a Christmas feast for the birds, for is it not written that not even a sparrow faleth to the ground that He does not heed?

The Mexican Christmas is a strangely mixed week of sports, revels and religious observations. The "Passion Play" attracts unfailing interest, as do the bull fights and cock-mains. In the Philippines, among the natives, Christmas is mainly a religious celebration, a grand mass being held in the morning, the churches being profusely decorated with palms and flowers. Great chains of flowers are carried to the churches by the children, who parade through the streets and sing Christmas songs, a band preceding them. In the afternoon there is dancing and merrymaking. In Spain, too, the religious note is predominant, and there are curious performances of mystery plays. In France the three-day celebration of Christmas is an occasion for much charity, and there are special services in the churches. In the south of France there is a quaint custom of blessing the Christmas log, not unlike the Yule-tide log ceremonial of England. On the night of December 25 there is a great family supper.—Harper's Weekly.

A CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION

BY HELEN PRENOT.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS SCENE. —From Country Life in America.

While Christmas was hardly in sight, signs of its approach were plainly visible at good Farmer Bosworth's. For weeks the turkeys had been fattening, and their gobbling band grew to a ponderous size as the day of good cheer advanced. In the cellar and the attic were great bags of nuts and baskets of fruit, and when their contents were displayed it was a tempting sight. There were hills of oranges, piles of apples and pears and grapes, and a forest's wealth of chestnuts, walnuts and hickory nuts. All this gave a delightfully fruity and nutty fragrance to the air.

When Christmas day came, it was cold; so cold that all about the old farmhouse that day, though the sun had been shining its brightest, the icicles hung unmelting. The deep snow was crusted over so firmly that the children could play on the top of it without breaking through. Of course this was grand fun. They were muffled up to their ears until they looked like so many bright colored worsted balls. How they coasted and tumbled down the hillside, and farther down on the pond, how the ice sang beneath their steel clad feet! Oh, it was glorious! The very air was filled with Christmas gladness.

In the evening, after supper, the parlor, which had been locked for some days past, was opened. The children rubbed their eyes and gazed about the room in bewilderment. How lovely it was! The huge fireplace blazed with warmth and good cheer. In one corner of the large, high room, stood a lighted Christmas tree. It was a royal old tree. A whole cedar had been cut fresh from the woods and laden with dolls, candy, toys, oranges, bags of marbles and popcorn balls. Old Santa Claus came in person to give out the presents. His great red coat was sprinkled with snow. His nose and face looked cold but very jolly, and he had a long, white beard.

How the children enjoyed it, and how they laughed and hung back when he called their names. When Santa and his reindeer were gone and they could no longer hear the jingle of his bells, they had time to look at the Christmas grotto which their father had made. There was Bethlehem lying on the hillside, and there, too, lay the infant Jesus with Mary his mother, on one side, and Joseph on the other. There were the shepherds, the wise men, and the people of Bethlehem, flocking to see the wonderful babe; and there was the gloriously beautiful star. Suspended from the ceiling were angels. One carried the Christmas greeting: "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

The shepherds carried the instruments which they were playing when the angels came to announce the birth of the Savior. Over it all was an arch looking like rockwork, through which the whole scene could be viewed. Long, long they gazed, while their father told them of the tiny babe born in Bethlehem, nearly two thousand years ago. Then they all joined hands and sang: "Oh, little town of Bethlehem, how still we see thee lie," the happy Christmas day was over.

TOURISTS TO THE CITY OF SUCCESS

BY OLIVE BRANCH

"When the goal is won at last
Who shall count the dangers past?"

Tourists who have visited the Garden of Youth, and there are thousands of them annually, describe it as "the most beautiful place in all the world." Nowhere else are the skies so blue and cloudless or the hills and valleys so rich with verdure. All the live-long day songbirds trill their sweetest melodies. Here, too, bloom the fairest flowers of earth. Merry, laughing streams run through the garden, whispering wonderful tales, of the great world outside the gates, to the eager ears of the tourists. Life is one long, bright summer's day in the Garden of Youth.

In the early light of a beautiful spring morning, four tourists set out from the garden on a journey to the city of Success.

Great Genius rode a steed called Talent, that had made a record for fast traveling.

"Good morning, Genius," said Time, the gatekeeper, as Great Genius came galloping up to the gate, "I see you are well mounted and have made an early start."

"Yes, I have a good steed," replied Genius. "I'll not be long on the road."

"I don't know about that," said Time, shaking his head, "it's a difficult road and may take the whole day for the journey."

"Not with this steed," laughed Genius, as he galloped away, leaving a cloud of dust behind him.

Lack of Purpose reached the gate as Genius rode through. He was faultlessly attired and carried a slender walking stick in his delicate hand. He was a pleasant, good-natured young man, and his Uncle Expectation had furnished him means to start on his journey.

"Are you also leaving for the city of Success?" asked Time.

"I think I shall go," replied Lack, twirling his cane. "I have heard it spoken of as a most desirable resort. I'm a little afraid I may soil my shoes," and he glanced down at his patent leathers. "I didn't expect to make the journey on foot. Uncle Expectation ought to have furnished me a horse."

"You have depended too much on your uncle already," said Time, somewhat sternly. "Don't worry about your fine shoes. If they wear out, finish the journey barefooted. The inhabitants of the city care but little for appearances."

"I guess I will go on. I may be able to make the journey," he answered, and walked listlessly through the gate.

"Keep an eye out for highwaymen!" Time called to him. "They are on the lookout for chaps like you."

Wait For'n Opportunity, who was a cousin of Lack of Purpose, hurried up to the gate, flushed and excited. He was a pompous youth, with a large head and massive body and had the appearance of great physical strength.

"Good morning, Wait," said Time, "you seem to be in a hurry."

"Yes, I am," replied Wait. "Have you seen Great Genius this morning? I am going to the city of Success with him."

"He left the garden some time ago," replied Time, "but he did not take the road with him."

"Just my luck," said Wait with a sigh. "Of course I can't catch up with him. I will wait; some one else may be going that way tomorrow."

"No time like the present," said the gatekeeper encouragingly. "You are able to travel alone."

"I'm not afraid to travel alone; it's only getting started," said Wait. "I will reach the city, of course. If I had a steed like Great Genius, now, I'd——"

"Don't talk about it," interrupted Time, "get along with you," and he fairly shoved him outside the gate.

"A fine morning, Time," said Honest Toil, shaking hands with the gatekeeper. "I have started for the city of Success."

"Glad to hear it, my boy. Good luck to you," said Time, as he opened the gate. Toil hurried through. Honest Toil was tall and wide-chested, with a broad forehead and resolute chin. His clothes were coarse and his shoes were of heavy leather. He carried with him the guidebook of the king.

Now the city of Success surpasses all others in grandeur and tourists are anxious to visit it, but it is situated on the mountain top of Aspiration, and to make the ascent one needs must have great strength and perseverance. The safest route is described in the guidebook as the "straight and narrow way." This is not entirely free from danger, for one is in imminent peril from thieves and other lawless characters.

There are various other routes, that many tourists prefer, saying, "they are just as safe and much easier to travel." The guidebook reads: "Wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadest to destruction." Travelers are especially warned against entering it.

Honest Toil had not journeyed many miles when he encountered Doubt, the chief of a band of robbers.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Doubt, "you're certainly a fine specimen for the city of Success! Think you can carry the world on your shoulders, don't you? I've seen thousands like you on the road before. You're a fool to undertake the journey. Your strength will fail before you're half way up the mountain of Aspiration."

"Doubt," said Toil, and he gave the robber a look of contempt, "my strength cannot fail. The king has said, 'they that wait upon Him shall mount up as with wings of eagles; they shall run and not grow weary; they shall walk and not faint.'"

"Ha; Ha! And you believe that?" sneered Doubt.

"I know it is true," replied Toil. "I have no further time to waste on you."

"A most audacious fellow," said Doubt, maliciously. "I should like to have killed him."

A little farther along the road Toil came to a milepost bearing the sign:

ELFIN GORGE.
ONE MILE TO THE VALE
OF DESTRUCTION.

Lack of Purpose had entered the gorge. A spritelike creature held him by either arm. Cigaretta, who was clothed in filmy, cloudlike garments, was almost infantile in appearance; the other, Intoxicata, held to his lips a cup containing a sparkling, bloodred beverage.

With a shudder, Toil hurriedly passed the entrance to the gorge, thankful that he had not fallen into their power. He recalled to mind a passage from the guidebook.

"Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup; at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

The next signboard read:

GLEN OF DREAMS.

It was a picturesque place and almost looked like the Garden of Youth, but it was part way up the mountain of Aspiration. A great many tourists were entering the glen, among them Wait For'n Opportunity.

"Wait! Wait!" Honest Toil called to him loudly, but Wait appeared not to hear and strolled aimlessly into a shady grove called Idler's Paradise.

It was near midday when Toil passed Great Genius, on the mountain side. He was holding an animated conversation with Social Prestige and did not recognize Toil. Genius dismounted and turned with Social Prestige into his castle gates. Many tourists stop at the castle until sunset and never reach the city of Success.

The intense heat of the noonday sun beat down on the head of Honest Toil. The atmosphere became dense and hot, and great drops of sweat fell from his brow as he pressed on toward the city. Then thick black clouds gathered over his head and enveloped him. The thunder seemed to shake the very mountain side. Through the storm a "still, small voice" whispered: "Fear not, I am with thee—be not dismayed, I will strengthen thee, I will help thee, yea, I will uphold thee." By the lightning flashes and by clinging to an evergreen shrub which had its roots firmly set in the rock, he struggled onward and upward through the darkness.

His hands were calloused and rough, his garments almost threadbare, and his shoes old and torn, but the goal, the city of Success, lay before him. The storm had passed, the blue sky smiled above, and, as he stood in the upper sunshine, a beautiful light came into his eyes and his face glowed with the radiance of youth. Bells were pealing, the joy bells, for thus are tourists welcomed to the city of Success.

A deep sense of gratitude filled the heart of Honest Toil. He bowed his head and softly, reverently whispered, "My King, I thank thee. 'For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever.'"

THE POETS' CORNER

LITTLE ROCKET'S CHRISTMAS

Vandyke Brown.

I'll tell you how the Christmas came
To Rocket—no, you never met him,
That, is you never knew his name,
Although 'tis possible you've let him
Display his skill upon your shoes;
A bootblack—Arab, if you choose.
Has inspiration dropp'd to zero
When such material makes a hero.

And who was Rocket? Well, an urchin
A gamin, dirty, torn, and tatter'd,
Whose chiefest pleasure was to perch in
The Bowery gallery; there it matter'd
But little what the play might be—
Broad farce or point-lace comedy—
He meted out his just applause
By rigid, fix'd, and proper laws.

A father once he had, no doubt.
A mother on the island staying,
Which left him free to knock about,
And gratify a taste for straying
Through crowded streets. 'Twas there he found
Companionship and grew renown'd.
An ash-box served him for a bed—
As good, at least, as Moses' rushes;
And, for his daily meat and bread,
He earn'd them with his box and brushes.

An Arab of the city's slums,
With ready tongue and empty pocket,
Unaided left to solve life's sums,
But plucky always—that was Rocket!

'Twas Christmas eve, and all the day
The snow had fallen fine and fast;
In banks and drifted heaps it lay
Along the streets. A piercing blast
Blew cuttingly. The storm was past,
And now the stars look'd coldly down
Upon the snow-enshrouded town.
Ah, well it is if Christmas brings
Good will and peace which poet sings!
How full are all the streets tonight
With happy faces, flush'd and bright!
The matron in her silks and furs,
The pompous banker, fat and sleek,
The idle, well-fed loiterers,
The merchant trim, the churchman meek,
Forgetful now of hate and spite,
For all the world is glad tonight!
All, did I say? Ah, no, not all,
For sorrow throws on some its pall;
And here, within the broad, fair city,
The Christmas—time no beauty brings
To those who plead in vain for pity,
To those who cherish but the stings
Of wretchedness and want and woe,
Who never love's great bounty know;
Whose grief no kindly hands assuage,
Whose misery mocks our Christian age.
Pray ask yourself what means to them
That Christ is born in Bethlehem!

But Rocket? On this Christmas eve
You might have seen him standing
The city's streets so interweave
They form that somewhat famous square
Called Printing House. His face was bright,
And as this gala, festive season
You would not find a heart more light—
I'll tell you in a word the reason:
By dint of patient toil in shining
Patrician shoes and Wall street boots,
He had within his jacket's lining
A dollar and a half—the fruits
Of pinching, saving and a trial
Of really Spartan self-denial.
That dollar and a half was more
Than Rocket ever owned before.
A princely fortune, so he thought,
And with those hoarded dimes and nickels
What Christmas pleasures may be bought!
A dollar and a half! It tickles
The boy to say it over, musing
Upon the money's proper using:
"I'll go a gobbler, leg and breast;
With cranberry-sauce and fixin's nice,
And pie, mince pie, the very best.
And puddin'—say a double slice!
And then to doughnuts how I'll freeze;
With coffee—guess that ere's the cheese!
And after grub I'll go and see
The Seven Goblins of Dundee.
If this yere Christmas ain't a buster,
I'll let yer rip my Sunday duster!"

So Rocket mused as he hurried along,
Clutching his money with grasp yet tighter,
And humming the air of a rollicking song,
With a heart as light as his clothes—or lighter.
Through Centre street he makes his way,
When, just as he turns the corner at Pearl,
He hears a voice cry out in dismay,
And sees before him a slender girl,
As ragged and tattered in dress as he,
With hand stretched forth for charity.

In the street-light's fitful and flickering glare
He caught a glimpse of the pale, pinch'd face,
So gaunt and wasted, yet strangely fair,
With a lingering touch of childhood's grace
On her delicate features. Her head was bare,
And over her shoulders, disorder'd, there hung
A mass of tangled, nut-brown hair.
In misery old as in years she was young,
She gazed in his face; and, O! for the eyes—
The big, blue, sorrowful, hungry eyes—
That were fix'd in a desperate, frighten'd stare.
Hundreds have jostled her tonight—
The rich, the great, the good, and the wise;
Hurrying on to the warmth and light
Of happy homes, they have jostled her by;
And the only one who has heard her cry,
Or, hearing, has felt his heartstrings Stirr'd,
Is Rocket—this youngster of coarser clay,
This gamin, who never so much as heard
The beautiful story of him who lay
In the manger of old on Christmas day.

With artless pathos and simple speech
She stands and tells him her pitiful tale;
Ah, well, if those who pray and preach
Could catch an echo of that sad wail!
She tells of the terrible battle for bread,
Tells of a father brutal with crime,
Tells of a mother lying dead,
At the gala Christmas time;
Then adds, gazing up at the starlit sky,
"I'm hungry and cold, and I wish I could die."

What is it trickles down the cheek
Of Rocket? Can it be a tear?
He stands and stares, but does not speak;
He thinks again of that good cheer
Which Christmas was to bring; he sees
Visions of turkey, steaming pies,
The play-bills; then, in place of these,
The girl's beseeching, hungry eyes;
One mighty effort, gulping down
The disappointment in his breast,
A quivering of the lip, a frown,
And then, while pity pleads her best,
He snatches forth his cherished hoard,
And gives it to her like a lord!

"Here, freeze to that; I'm flush, yer see!
And then you needs it more 'an me!"
With that he turns and walks away
So fast the girl can nothing say,
So fast he does not hear the prayer
That sanctifies the winter air,
But He who bless'd the widow's mite
Look'd down and smiled upon the sight.

No feast of steaming pies or turkey,
No tickets for the matinee;
All drear and desolate and murky,
In truth, a very dismal day,
With dinner on a crust of bread,
And not a penny in his pocket,
A friendly ash-box for a bed—
Thus came the Christmas day to Rocket;
And yet—and here's the strangest thing—
As best befits the festive season,
The boy was happy as a king—
I wonder can you guess the reason?

WHEN THE LEAVES COME DRIFTING DOWN

Down a winding lane at eve we strayed, my love and I;
'Twas a pathway strewn with leaves, and the soft wind murmured by;
We spied a gypsy camp, among the leaves so brown,
And I told her that I loved her, When the leaves came drifting down.

CHORUS.

When the leaves came drifting down, we strayed, my love and I;
We wandered on, no happy 'neath the moonlit evening sky;
I think I see my sweetheart now with eyes of softest brown,
As I told her that I loved her, When the leaves came drifting down.

From out that gypsy camp came a gypsy, bent and old;
"Oh, pretty miss," she cried, "pray cross my hand with gold;
Born beneath the lucky star, the planets all agree,
Before a year is out you'll wed a man of high degree."

The gypsy's words came true—she broke her vows to me;
She sold her hand for gold to a man of high degree.
Now, in the twilight gray, I see those eyes of brown,
The winding road and the gypsy old, When the leaves came drifting down.

A LEAP FOR LIFE

WALTER COLTON.

Old Ironsides at anchor lay
In the harbour of Mahon;
A deal calm rested on the bay—
The waves to sleep had gone;
When little Hal, the captain's son,
A lad both brave and good,
In sport up shroud and rigging ran,
And on the main truck stood!

A shudder shot through every vein,
All eyes were turn'd on high!
There stood the boy, with dizzy brain,
Between the sea and sky;
No hold had he above, below,
Alone he stood in air;
To that far height none dared to go,
No aid could reach him there.

We gazed, but not a man could speak!
With horror all aghast;
In groups, with pallid brow and cheek,
We watch'd the quivering mast.
The atmosphere grew thick and hot,
And of a lurid hue,—
As riveted unto the spot,
Stood officers and crew.

The father came on deck; he gasp'd
"O, God! thy will be done!"
Then suddenly a rifle grasp'd,
And aimed it at his son.
"Jump, far out, boy, into the wave!
Jump, or I fire," he said.
"That only chance your life can save;
Jump, jump!" the boy obey'd.

He sunk—he rose—he lived—he moved,
And for the ship struck out;
On board we hail'd the lad beloved,
With many a manly shout.
His father drew, in silent joy,
Those sweet arms round his neck,
And folded to his heart his boy,
Then fainted on the deck.

POEMS WANTED

Is there anyone who can send Mother Shipton's Prophesy?

We are requested to ask for the temperance poem by Mrs. Wright, entitled Winning Our County for Temperance.

This old-time song is requested: "Come, strike the bold anthems, the war dogs are howling."

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can
In all the ways you can
To all the people you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Success, the truest, purest kind, is not achieved by dreaming but by doing. While some of the world's greatest men are dreamers, still some of the most successful were those who not only dreamed, but did with their might what their hands found to do.

Success depends upon effort, and the greater effort we make the more successful we will be.

Some are financially successful. Some are successful in winning offices of honor and fame. Others are successful in love and friendship; but true success is the accomplishment of the Divine work that God designed for us to do.

He has endowed us with some special talent, has carefully planned that all should have different vocations in life, and He will hold us responsible for opportunities wasted, and misspent moments which should have been given to His service. Though each life has its failures and discouragements, yet if we work with willing hands and cheerful hearts, our efforts will, in the end, be crowned with bright laurels of success.

To make a success we should not seek to rival or excel our friends and neighbors in our undertakings, but be content to do the Master's will cheering the weary and broken hearted, uplifting the fallen and scattering sunshine along the way.

Striving to do great things and constantly seeking fame and high honors often lead to disappointment, and we consider our lives a failure. It is a good rule to begin with little labors of love, and press patiently onward and upward, and ere long we will reach the topmost round of the ladder of success. We may not receive the praise of the world, yet we will have the sweet consolation of having done our duty, and in the bright beyond our efforts will be rewarded with eternal success; for the balance of justice there is true, and justly bestows what justly is due. So to be successful we must be hopeful, and to be hopeful one must be cheerful, and above all seek only spiritual success.
—Nannie Hamm.

India, tell us something of Monterey, its points of interest and what it has accomplished, and I'll tell the story of La Siella, or Saddle Rock mountain.

Many years ago, so the story goes, an Indian chief of a powerful tribe was afflicted with a terrible disease which the medicine men of his clan could not cure. He issued an order that the medicine men be executed unless they discovered a cure. Well, one of the medicine men who had traveled some, told the chief that away off in the north there was a place where the water bubled up out of the ground very hot, and that this water contained great medicinal qualities, and if he would go there and bathe in the water he would be healed. So the chief started, mounted upon a burro, and sitting in an old-style Spanish saddle. When he reached the summit of this mountain, he could look across the valley where Monterey now lies, and see the waters of Tojo Chico, or Little Top, bubbling up out of the ground. He cried for joy and forthwith set his burro free, placing the saddle upon the summit of the mountain.

The winds have blown the sands around the saddle and they have adhered to it, but it still retains its shape, forming the gigantic rock called La Siella. The chief called it La Mont de el Rey, and so Monterey got its name.

Now India, come on. You are in a position to give us many interesting letters. I spent about twelve years in El Tierra de la Mananna, and have traveled all over it. I speak Spanish, but am not good at spelling it. Have they electric cars yet? Have they a sewer system there in Monterey? These were much talked of when I was last there. Well, good-bye till the spirit moves me again. May your mission in Mexico prove a blessing to a benighted people.—Grandpa.

Here come two West Virginia girls who live in the Alleghany plateau. West Virginia is an agricultural state. It has fine mines also, coal and iron being found in abundance. The forests yield fine timber, both hardwood and soft. The forests make a beautiful scene in the summer and early autumn. The farmers raise nearly all kinds of grain and fruits.

We think one who has gained success is one who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his place and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved flower, a perfect poem or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory a benediction.—Mae and Dulcie.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

Everybody say, "Merry Christmas!"

Who will suggest a date for the M. G. R. reunion. How would Valentine's day do? It would give you all time to "get around."—Miss Prudence.

"Much obliged" for letters from Luther, Oregon Sisters, W. Virginia Moonshine, Oregon Bach., and Julia Leberman.

By a beautiful road our Christmas comes,
A road full twelve months long,
And every mile is as warm as a smile,
And every hour is a song.
Flower and flake and cloud and sun,
And the winds that riot and sigh,
Have their work to do ere the dreams come true
And Christmas glows in the sky.

ORTURED 6 MONTHS

Terrible Itching Eczema on Face, Head, Hand, and Legs—Baby's Suffering Was Terrible—Soon

NTIRELY CURED BY CUTICURA

"Eczema appeared on my son's face e went to a doctor who treated him three months. Then he was so bad t his face and head were nothing but re sore and his ears looked as if they re going to fall off, so we tried an- ther doctor for four months, the baby ver getting any better. His hand d legs had big sores on them and the r little fellow suffered so terribly t he could not sleep. After he had ed six months we tried a set of Cuticura Remedies and the first atment let him sleep and rest well; e week the sores were gone and in months he had a clear face. Now he two years and has never had eczema in. Mrs. Louis Beck, R. F. D. 3, San tonio, Tex., Apr. 15, 1907."

RREST HIM IN TEXAS

lleged Embezzler Located After Two Years.

Princeton, Ind., Dec. 17.—Henry F. ar, formerly secretary and treasurer the Princeton Milling company, arged with forgery and embezzle- nt approximating $100,000, was ar ted in Texas yesterday after a two rs' search. Shortly after his disap- arance, it was reported he had been owned in the Wabash river, and 0,000 of life insurance is in litiga- n. Agar was a member of the In- na legislature in 1905.

His arrest was accomplished Tues- y by state rangers at San Benito, xas, where he had lived for ten nths under the name of R. A. Con- r. During that time he had taken active part in the affairs of the wn and had established himself in siness. He was recognized, it is ted, by a former business associ- e, who told Captain Ross of the ngers. Agar will be taken to Browns- to await the arrival of officers m Indiana.

WRIGHT SCORES A HIT

eroplane Performs Mar- vels in the Air.

LeMans, Dec. 17.—Wilbur Wright, the erican aeroplanist, made a most re- arkable flight in his aeroplane yester- y. Instead of rising gradually, the achine shot up like a rocket to a height 50 feet. The aeronaut then permitted to drop about fifty feet, at which alti- de he stopped the engine. The machine glided down smoothly and gracefully, landing about three-quarters a mile from the starting point. Mem- rs of the English Aero club became fully enthusiastic over the splendid per- rmance.

ROBE DEATHS OF SIX

oman Is Held for Investi- gation.

Somerville, Mass., Dec. 18.—Pending e result of an examination as to the nity of Mrs. Mary Kelleher, now in l at Cambridge, District Attorney gross has ordered an investigation o the causes of the deaths of six mbers of Mrs. Kelleher's family dur- g the past three years.

The specific charge against Mrs. Kelle- r is that of arson, but the police called e attention of the district attorney to orts as to the deaths in her family. is said the insurance was paid to s. Kelleher. The persons who have d were Mrs. Kelleher's husband, son, o daughters and two sisters-in-law.

UGE COPPER COMBINE

nternational Body to Be Organized.

New York, Dec. 18.—Representatives of e leading copper interests of this coun- y and Europe will meet today to organ- e an international association. Phelps, dge & Co., who recently formed a $50,- 000 corporation, are said to be taking active part in the movement.

The interests concerned represent about per cent of the world's copper out- t. It is denied that any attempt will e made to regulate prices, but some greement as to output is probable.

OHN D., JR., OFFENDED

harges Libel Against N. Y. Publisher.

New York, Dec. 18.—On a charge of riminal libel made by John D. Rocke- ller, Jr., S. D. Carvalho, president of e Star company, publishers of Wil- m R. Hearst's New York American, as arrested yesterday. Mr. Carvalho as paroled in the custody of his law- r until December 26.

Mr. Rockefeller made complaint that article with the headline, "J. D. ockefeller, Jr., originated peonage in ockade, it is said," tended to injure his od name. Magistrate Finn issued a arrant for the arrest of Mr. Carvalho, radford Merrill, treasurer, and Ed- ard H. Clark secretary of the Star ompany.

LAZING VESSEL SUNK

Singapore, Dec. 18.—The burning oil p Kalam Kaloma was bombarded by e harbor fort here today and finally nk with her hull riddled with solid ot.

The flaming steamer, which hails m England, arrived in Singapore om New York two days ago with r cargo of case oil on fire. All at- mpts to extinguish the blaze were successful, and an effort was made scuttle the vessel. This failed also, e the danger to shipping became rious.

It was impossible to go near the aft because of the possibility of ex- sions, and finally the harbor again ealed to the gunners of the fort, o sank the Kaloma with a few well rected solid shot from the fortifica- n's six-inch guns. The distance was o miles.

Xmas Insurance

You can insure comfort and good alth for all your family against over- ating and drinking by seeing to it that ey *all* take a CASCARET at bed time uring the holidays. CASCARETS—best edicine on earth for the little folks— ad and Mother. 889

CASCARETS—10c box—week's treat- ment. All druggists. Biggest seller the world. Million boxes a month.

KAISER "BROKE" ON INCOME OF TEN MILLIONS A YEAR

Berlin, Dec. 16.—Emperor William and every member of the imperial family must practice most rigid economy from now on and indefinitely, if a Berlin correspondent for an American newspaper tells the truth.

The correspondent learns that William II finds his revenues so exhausted that he is in desperate need of cash. This although his annual income is estimated conservatively at $10,000,000.

This galling lack of money may account in part for the present almost melancholic state of a ruler who thinks that wealth is as much his by divine right as is sovereignty.

This fact may explain rightly why the crown princess, mercifully wishing to help those widowed and orphaned by the recent mining disaster at Hamm, had to sell below its cost a diamond tiara worth $25,000.

Again and again Socialist members of the reichstag have deplored the emperor's extravagances as frightful. But he recognizes extravagance only in others.

The emperor has been liberally pouring out money on works of art, especially on pictures and sculptures, in restoring old German castles, in rebuilding Archilllon, the beautiful marble palace in the island of Corfee, which he bought from the empress of Austria's estate.

The empress, one of the most luxurious women in Europe, found the castle, high up on olive-covered hills in the Ionian Sea, to her culture taste. Emperor William spent $1,000,000 in changing and "improving" the castle and in laying out parks, which he himself designed.

Everything the emperor does is on the same magnificent scale. His yachts, including the Hohenzollern and his racing boats, cost him a large sum annually. So do his stables. Every member of his family is devoted to riding. His hunting, of which he is very fond, is very expensive.

NO COAL IN 84 YEARS

Pennsylvania Fields Near Exhaustion.

New York, Dec. 16.—That the entire supply of the Pennsylvania coal fields will be exhausted in 84 years was the prediction made by Prof. William Griffith, a mining expert and geologist of Scranton, Pa., at the hearing of the government suit against the anthracite coal carrying railroads for illegal combination in restraint of trade.

Prof. Griffith estimated the total available supply of anthracite coal for shipment in 1965 at 2,229,201,650 tons, and said at the present rate of consumption the supply would be used up in 1992.

Evidence obtained at the last hearing showing amalgamation between the Temple Iron & Coal company, controlling 90 per cent of the country's anthracite production, and the principal coal carrying roads was read.

16 HUNTERS KILLED

Many Fatalities During the Maine Hunting Season.

Augusta, Me., Dec. 16.—Sixteen deaths may be charged to this year's big game hunting season in Maine, which closed last night. Thirteen persons were killed by the accidental discharge of firearms or by being shot in mistake for deer, one man received fatal wounds from falling on his hunting knife and two were drowned while hunting. Many other persons were more or less seriously hurt.

BOSTON SAYS LICENSE

Drys Defeated by From 8,000 to 10,000.

Boston, Dec. 16.—Boston has apparently voted for license by from 8,000 to 10,000 votes, a reduction of about one-half from the majority of last year. There was no election for mayor. The minor officials chosen were generally Democrats.

In Newburyport the election is so close, both as to mayor and license, that it will take a recount to get the result. In the figures obtainable Albert F. Hunt (non-partisan) leads Moody M. Noyes (also non-partisan) by 14 votes. The vote on license stands yes, 1,427; no, 1,429.

North Adams has apparently voted for license by the slender majority of 25, the vote standing 1,627 for, to 1,602 against.

U. S. COMPLETES CASE

Carriers Reserve Rights to Make Objections.

New York, Dec. 17.—With the offering of a mass of documentary evidence, including reports of many officers and directors of the defendant companies, the government yesterday completed its case in the suit charging the anthracite coal carrying roads with conspiracy in restraint of trade. These reports were not read. The attorneys for the roads reserved the right to make proper objections.

It was agreed to adjourn at tomorrow's session until January 14, and then resume the hearing at Philadelphia.

WOMEN WON'T TALK

Church Members Form a "Mum Society."

South Norwalk, Conn., Dec. 17.—Reprimanded for whispering in church, seven young women of the Baptist church have formed a "Mum society," or "Silent Seven." They meet, sew, dance and play games; but every time one speaks she is fined, the money going toward the support of a little child in Turkey.

The members are becoming very proficient in the deaf and dumb code. Dr. Hugh R. Carpenter, who rebuked the girls from the pulpit, says he will not hesitate to do so again, if such results may be obtained. Miss Bertha R. Hunter, Miss Medea Harris and Miss Grace Hyatt are the officers of the club.

AS CHRISTMAS GIFT

Dr. Hamma Gives $60,000 More to Wittenberg.

Springfield, Dec. 18.—Rev. Dr. M. W. Hamma, of this city, formerly of Baltimore, a widely known Lutheran minister, caused rejoicing at Wittenberg College yesterday by making another donation of $60,000 to the endowment. This comes as a Christmas gift. Dr. Hamma and wife moved here recently from Baltimore so as to be near the institution. His total contributions to the college and seminary amount to $225,000. Ten years ago he built the theological seminary. Then it burned and he rebuilt it. Later he gave $125,000 to the endowment fund. The $60,000 given yesterday consists of land in Nebraska.

SHIP SINKS; 8 DROWN

Dover, Eng., Dec. 18.—A Swedish steamer, Lindholmen, 83 tons, went down off Goodwin Sands this morning, following a collision with the German steamer Frederike-Muller, 1,790 tons, from Grimsby for Stockholm. Eight of the crew of the Lindholmen were drowned. The survivors were landed here.

INSANE MAN SWALLOWS BIG KNIFE, FORK AND MUFFLER

London, Dec. 21.—An extraordinary occurrence was reported recently at a meeting of the Richmond (Dublin) lunatic asylum committee. The chief medical superintendent stated that a male patient, who had been transferred to the auxiliary asylum at Portrane, complained some days later of internal pains and stated that he had swallowed a knife and fork.

On examination the presence of a foreign substance was detected in the stomach, and the man was brought back to Richmond asylum, where he was examined under the X-rays.

This confirmed the first diagnosis, and on opening the stomach the medical staff found in it a large knife, a fork, a quantity of rags, and a woolen muffler. The doctor added that the patient was now making a good recovery.

MONTE CARLO IN U. S.

New York Sporting Man Buys Arkansas Club.

New York, Dec. 17.—Col. W. P. James, one of the best known sporting men in this country, has bought the famous old Arkansas club at Hot Springs, Ark., and will open it Feb. 1. It will enter the field as a rival of the Southern club, now run by Dan Stuart, and will practically make Hot Springs the Monte Carlo of the United States.

This property was bought several days ago from C. A. Dunn, Joseph Yaeger and Edward Ballard, and will immediately be refitted and made one of the most luxurious gambling palaces in existence. The purchase price is not named, but it is said to be not far from $250,000.

Col. James is the owner of the Manhattan club, at Saratoga, and the New York club, at Long Branch, both of which have been closed for some time.

Col. James said the days for sporting clubs in the east had passed, and that the only place for them was in the west or southwest.

PEN FOR PA. GRAFTERS

Maximum Penalty Is Given Conspirators.

Harrisburg, Pa., Dec. 18.—Judge Kunkel this morning imposed the following sentence upon the men convicted March 13, of the charge of conspiracy to defraud the state in contracts for supplying furniture to the new state capitol:

J. H. Sanderson, W. P. Snyder, W L. Mathues and J. H. Shumaker, $500 fine and two years' imprisonment, the maximum penalty.

A motion for a supersedas that an appeal may be taken to the superior court was made at once.

Immediately after sentence was pronounced, the defendants were remanded to the custody of the sheriff and taken to a side room, pending application for a supersedeas, which was made in the superior court at Philadelphia after notice of the sentence here was given. As soon as it is granted the defendants will offer bail pending appeal to the superior court.

The men convicted today were tried a second time and acquitted of a charge of defrauding the state in a metal furniture contract.

BOURNE EXPLAINS HIS SALARY BILL.

Washington, Dec. 19. — Explaining his bill increasing the salary of the president and vice president. Senator Jonathan Bourne, Jr., of Oregon, today said that, aside from all sentiment in the matter, he is of opinion that the man who is big enough to be President of the United States, the biggest corporation in the world, is certainly as big in the business of government as a railroad president or the manager of a manufacturing combination, and should be paid, as a business proposition, what the demands of the position indicate as a fair compensation.

300 IN PANIC ON BOAT

Freight Steamer Crashes Into N. Y. Ferry Boat.

New York, Dec. 18.—A collision between the ferry boat Steinway, plying between East Ninety-second street, Manhattan, and Astoria, Long Island, and the freight steamer Marion, bound for South Norwalk, Conn., threw the 300 passengers of the ferry boat into a panic last night and resulted in serious injury to three men of the Marion. The crash was caused by the swift current of Little Hell Gate.

Several women passengers fainted and could hardly be restrained from jumping overboard. The Marion was run ashore. Her cargo was displaced and several cases tumbled over, crushing three of the crew.

NEW WRIGHT RECORD

Ohio Aeronaut Beats Previous Marks.

Lemans, France, Dec. 18.—Wilbur Wright, the American areoplanist, of Dayton, O., established a new world's record for heavier than air craft today while trying for the Michelin cup, remaining in the air one hour 53 minutes and 59 seconds.

The best previous record is one hour 31 minutes and 51 seconds, which Mr. Wright made October 10.

The aeronaut attained an average height of 24 feet today and the distance was officially measured as 61¼ miles, which does not include the wide sweeps and turns made during the flight. He descended only because the oil feeder got out of order.

Weather permitting, Mr. Wright will try this afternoon to break the record for height.

MOURNED WIFE ALIVE

Burial Stopped When Mistake Is Learned.

New York Man Prepares Funeral for a Strange Woman in Morgue.

New York, Dec. 18.—Asserting positively that the body of a woman which was taken out of the Harlem river was that of his wife, Anna Hutchinson, who had been missing from her home, Howard Otis Hutchinson, of No. 3819 Carpenter avenue, Williamsbridge, had made all preparations for its burial when he was informed that Mrs. Hutchinson was alive and well and that the woman to whom he was about to give a funeral was a stranger to him.

Even then Hutchinson expressed doubt, but he was convinced that he had made an eror and the body was taken from the coffin he had provided and again placed in the Fordham morgue, in the Bronx.

Hutchinson reported to the police his wife and their child were missing. He went to the coroner's office and said he was sure the dead woman was Mrs. Hutchinson and asked for possession of the body.

It was later learned the State Charities Aid association had found a position for Mrs. Hutchinson, who had her baby with her, and that the woman was not only alive, but in good health and spirits.

TURN AGAINST CASTRO

Venezuelans Arise and Demonstrate Against Their Ruler, Who Is Now in Europe.

Caracas, Venezuela, via Willemstad, Curacao, Dec. 16.—The people of Caracas arose today against President Castro.

An infuriated mob, unhindered by the police, swept through the city wrecking the property of his kinsmen and his friends.

The people rounded up all statues and pictures of President Castro from the clubs and other semi-public buildings, and burned them with rejoicing at the Plaza Bolivar. Castro's rule in Venezuela probably is ended.

President Castro is now in Europe. In spite of Holland's warlike activity on the coast, there have been no demonstrations against the Netherlands; they all have been directed against President Castro and Acting President Gomez.

Further dangerous demonstrations are anticipated. No official act deposing Castro from the presidency of Venezuela yet has been taken, but such a step is expected any moment.

ZEPPELIN HAS RIVAL

New Military Airship Has Been Designed.

Berlin, Thursday, Dec. 17.—Count Zeppelin's airship is to have a rival which may exceed it both in speed and carrying power. The inventor is Prof. Schutte, of the Technical university, at Dantzic, a friend of the emperor.

Instead of using aluminum for the frame, he will use wood, to get greater strength and lightness. The cigar-like frame will have a length of 328 feet and a diameter of from 51 to 55 feet.

Schutte will propel his airship with two gas motors, each of 150-horsepower, and he expects to make an average speed of 45 to 50 miles an hour.

The designer expects to be able to carry two tons of explosives in his craft, besides the necessary fuel and other supplies.

BOY'S TWELFTH ARREST

Youth of 12 Nabbed a Dozen Times.

New York, Dec. 18.—Henry Wilson, nine years old, of No. 356 Park place, Brooklyn, known to the police of the Flushing and Vernon avenue stations and the officers of the Children's Society and Court as "Brooklyn's champion bad boy," who was recently arrested on charges of intoxication and grand larceny, was arraigned again before Judge McInerney in the Brooklyn's children court on the charge of burglary. Despite his youthfulness it was the twelfth time Henry has appeared before the bar of justice.

The youngster made his first appearance in court when seven years and two months old. His mother had him arrested May 23, 1906, on a charge of disorderly conduct. She told the court that he was ungovernable and that nothing she could do would make him good. The judge gave him a lecture and paroled him.

Between May 23, 1906, and February 15, 1907, Henry was arrested several times for disturbing the peace. On the last named day he was taken into custody for inciting to riot a crowd of boys and causing them to disturb the neighborhood.

Henry was arrested April 29, 1907, for burglary, found guilty and sentenced to the Catholic protectory. He was discharged April 8, and rearrested July 29 last on a charge of grand larceny and found guilty. Judge Wilkin placed him under the care of Probationary Officer Patrick Mallon.

On October 18 Henry was arrested, charged with intoxication, and was the youngest prisoner ever arrested in Brooklyn on that charge. The judge paroled him until next January.

Henry begged for a few minutes' private conversation with the judge. It was granted. The boy said:

"Hey, Judge, me muther's goin' ter move, an' I wants to see her so as I'll know where to find her when I gets out of this joint I'm goin' to."

The judge denied the request.

TWO RECORDS BROKEN

Wright Gives World Surprise by Flights.

Le Mans, Dec. 19.—Wilbur Wright, of Dayton, O., broke two world's records here yesterday and last night was the guest of honor at a banquet given by the Aero club.

In the morning the daring aeroplanist established a new world's record for heavier than air machines while trying for the Michelin cup, remaining in the air for one hour, 53 minutes and 59 seconds. The best previous record is one hour, 31 minutes and 51 seconds, which Mr. Wright made September 21.

In the afternoon Mr. Wright went after a record and a prize and won both, flying to a height of 360 feet in a strong wind and winning the Sarthe Aero club's prize for height.

MAY REVIVE THE DEAD

Electricity Should Be Used, Says Physician.

Chicago, Dec. 19.—Before issuing a certificate of death physicians should apply an electric battery to the body of a person who it is believed has died. The electricity should be used immediately after death and a vigorous effort to revive the action of the nervous system and the heart should be made, according to Dr. George R. McEwen, of New York, formerly professor of anatomy in Rush Medical college.

In an address on "Sanitation and Cleanliness," at the South Side Woman's club, Dr. McEwen urged the advisability of death tests to eliminate the possibility of burying a person alive.

PENNILESS BARON ADMITS HE STOLE FROM FRIENDS

New York, Dec. 17.—Charged with robbing the home of his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Zur Helle, No. 120 West One Hundred and Twelfth street, of $800 worth of jewelry, the Baron Adolph de Loy von Sternschwert, of distinguished lineage and a former officer in the Austrian army, is held in a cell at police headquarters.

After he had pawned the gems for $82 he continued to live with his benefactors, vowing to find the thief and bring him to justice.

The police, less sentimental, traced him through a package of cigar store coupons, and confronting him with evidences of his guilt, made him confess.

"I was broke," the baron said. "I couldn't do without money, having been used to lots of it at home, so I stole from the people that befriended me."

Mrs. Zur Helle, pretty, talented young woman of twenty-four, told the story. She is a student at an art school and her husband is connected with one of the big life insurance companies.

"We met the baron through a friend, who had run across him in a bohemian sort of way at a restaurant in One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street," she explained. "He seemed to be an agreeable chap. Oh, yes, he was a real baron. We investigated that.

"He came over here a few years ago, after his mother had died and left him $10,000, and he ran through that in a couple of months. Then, without resources, he took all kinds of jobs. He was a waiter at Coney Island, a surface car conductor, a real estate salesman—a dozen things."

Detective Campbell supplied the rest of the narrative. Making a round of the premium shops where coupons are "cashed in," he found that a man answering von Sternschwert's description had disposed of coupons. So he and Detective Murtaugh confronted the baron, who broke down at once and told them where he had placed the pawn tickets.

STORM SINKS VESSELS

Fierce Blizzard Is Raging Off Newfoundland.

St. Johns, N. F., Dec. 17.—The worst blizzard experienced in Newfoundland for many years has been raging for 48 hours, and heavy damage has been done to fishing vessels, many of which have been blown ashore at various points.

No loss of life has yet been reported, but it is feared that several schooners have been blown to sea or sunk. Traffic on land is at a standstill.

MAYOR KILLS A MAN

Bitter Quarrel Over a Dog Results Fatally.

Goldsboro, N. C., Dec. 18.—Ira Hatch, of Dudley, was shot and killed by Badger J. Bowden, mayor of Dudley, as the result of a quarrel over a dog.

Bowden was seriously wounded immediately after the killing by his victim's son. Some one shot Hatch's dog, whereupon he and his son took their shot guns and went in search of the slayer. They met Bowden, with whom the elder Hatch was on bad terms and whom he accused of shooting his dog.

Hot words ensued and Bowden shot Hatch through the heart. Thereupon the younger Hatch shot Bowden, inflicting only a flesh wound.

WOMEN HAVE TO TIP

Complain of Service in Upper Berths.

Chicago, Dec. 18.—The upper berth in a Pullman was further disparaged yesterday when two women took the witness stand before Interstate Commerce Commissioner Lane, who is considering a plea that an upper berth should cost only half that of a lower. The witnesses affirmed that it is the custom to tip the porter, tipping being necessary "to get any kind of service."

Mrs. Anna L. McNulty and Mrs. A. E. Vorewelk, whose business calls for constant traveling were the witnesses. They would never take an upper berth unless compelled to do so by circumstances, both agreeing that there is trouble in getting in and out of one, and that the ventilation is bad.

Commissioner Lane took the case, which specifically applies to rates between Chicago and St. Paul, under advisement, and left for Washington.

MILLIONS FOR ROADS

Appropriation Bill Will Be Introduced.

Special Telegram to The Blade.

Columbus, Dec. 18.—Representative-elect Owen J. Evans, of Stark county, is preparing a bill to introduce before the next legislature appropriating between one and two million dollars for the improvement of the highways of the state. He expects to introduce the bill early in the session and claims that the Grangers of the state will push its passage. The measure originated with the Grangers of Stark county.

While sentiment generally is in favor of good roads it is hardly likely that in view of the falling off of the state's income in consequence of the Rose county local option law, the legislature will set aside so large a sum at the coming session for that purpose.

VEGETARIAN OF 113 LEADS GRAND MARCH.

Oakland, Cal., Dec. 19.—At a benefit dance tendered him last night in this city, 113-year-old Captain Goddard E. Diamond led the grand march with Miss Marie Monreth, who is 100 years his junior.

Captain Diamond was born in Plymouth, Mass., and in his early youth was connected with the building of the first railroad in the country. He is a vegetarian, and has written a book on the subject of longevity.

MAN EARNING $6 A WEEK NEED NOT SUPPORT WIFE

New York, Dec. 18.—Judge Warren W. Foster, in the court of general sessions, has officially decided that a woman has no right to marry a man who earns only $6 a week and then look to him for support.

In a decision handed down in the case of Annie Glassberg against Lesser Glassberg, the jurist, who, by the way, is a bachelor, says that if any woman chooses to embark in matrimony with a man whose earning capacity is $6 a week she must take her chances of getting adequate support.

Judge Foster, after reviewing the evidence, says:

"This rushing into matrimony may appeal to the President of the United States, but it does not to anyone who weighs the evidence and acts judiciously to determine whether or not such a thing is reasonable, right and proper. The Society for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor has recently made a careful investigation and study into the causes of the misery in our most congested districts, and they report that the most fruitful cause of misery is the very large families which the poor persist in having. The present trend of the age is toward quality, rather than quantity of output.

"I am not going to encourage this kind of matrimony by making a husband, whose earnings are $6 a week, go out and steal to support a wife because he can barely live himself on the $6."

COLORADO & SOUTHERN ROAD SOLD TO THE HILL SYSTEM

New York, Dec. 19.—Leading interests in the Colorado & Southern Railway company announced the sale of the road to the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad company.

Information as to the price and other details of the transaction, however, are withheld until the meeting next Tuesday, when the board of directors of the Colorado & Southern will hold a meeting for the purpose of completing the transfer of the property. The acquisition of the road by the Burlington gives the Hill system, the Burlington being owned by the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern Railroad companies, its long desired outlet to the Texas coast.

It will bear practically the same relationship to the Hill lines in the Gulf of Mexico territory that the Illinois Central bears to the Harriman system. Until today's announcement, however, it was generally supposed that James J. Hill's plan to get to the gulf was by the purchase of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas railroad.

VOTE WAS 14,852,239

Grand Total Shows an Increase of 1,341,531 Over Number Cast in 1904.

New York, Dec. 16.—The total popular vote of the various presidential candidates at the last national election was made known yesterday in an official form by the filing of the last of the official vote, that of Michigan. The totals show the following votes cast: Taft (Republican), 7,637,676; Bryan (Democrat), 6,393,182; Debs (Socialist), 447,651; Chafin (Prohibition), 241,252; Hisgen (Independence), 83,186; Watson (Populist), 33,871; Gilhaus (Socialist Labor), 15,421. Total for all candidates, 14,852,239.

This grand total exceeds by 1,341,531 the total number of votes cast in the presidential election of 1904, when the grand total was 13,510,708.

Increased Vote.

Compared with that election, the candidates of the Republican, Democratic and Socialist parties increased their vote this year. The reverse is true of the candidates of the Prohibition, Populist and Socialist Labor parties.

The Independence party did not figure in the presidential election of four years ago.

The biggest difference in a party vote is shown in an increase for Bryan of 1,315,211 over the total vote cast in 1904 for Alton B. Parker, the Democratic candidate. Taft received 14,190 votes more than were polled for President Roosevelt in 1904, and Debs ran 45,368 ahead of his predecessor on the Socialist ticket.

The heaviest loss is shown by the Populists who with the same candidate registered 83,312 votes less this year than in 1904, when their total was 117,183. The Prohibition candidate, Chafin, ran 17,284 votes behind the 1904 mark of his party, and Gilhaus, the Socialist Labor candidate, received only about 50 per cent of the vote given Corrigan, which was 31,249 in the previous presidential race.

Gave Greater Number.

New York ($70,070), Pennsylvania (745,779), and Illinois (629,932), gave Taft the greatest number of votes among the states, while as to Bryan the order was New York (667,468, Ohio (502,721), and Illinois (450,810).

The votes cast for Taft and Bryan were almost identical in number in two states, namely, Maryland and Nevada. In the first mentioned Taft received 111,253 and Bryan 111,117, and in the other 10,214 and 10,655 respectively.

Debs received his largest vote in Pennsylvania, 39,913; Illinois, 39,711, and New York, 38,451.

But 75 Votes.

Delaware gave Debs only 75 votes. Hisgen's vote in New York (35,817) and in his own state of Massachusetts (19,237), together formed nearly two-thirds of all the votes he received in the whole country. In six states not a vote was cast for him. Nine states registered not a single vote for the Prohibitionist candidate.

The Socialist Labor candidate received votes in only 13 states, and in only 19 states were votes cast for Watson, of the Populist party.

ARE JUST "SUBJECTS"

Cincinnati, Dec. 19.—Federal Judge Thompson, who ruled several days ago that Raymundo Diano, a Filipino of Malay descent, shall not become a citizen of the United States, has been asked by the department of justice to give a written decision of his views of the case, and the judge will do so. The opinion is expected to become the basis of future decisions in applications of Filipinos to become citizens of the United States.

Judge Thompson in his ruling said the Filipinos are not aliens in the sense intended by the naturalization laws, and neither are they citizens. After the war with Spain and the treaty of peace signed in Paris they became, he said, for want of a better term, subjects of the United States.

According to article 9 of the treaty of Paris, inhabitants of the Philippines, in default of a declaration to remain subjects of Spain, are held to have renounced Spain and to have adopted the nationality of the territory in which they reside. The naturalization laws apply only to aliens and the Filipinos are not aliens.

WINCHESTER

LOOK FOR THE RED W

TRADE MARK REG. IN U.S. PAT. OFFICE

When Buying Guns or Ammunition

This Winchester trade-mark is the hall-mark of guns and ammunition as perfect as brains and experience, coupled with a complete plant, can make them. The red W is to guns, cartridges and shotgun shells what the word "Sterling" is to silverware.

For Your Protection "Look for the Red W"

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., - NEW HAVEN, CONN.

TOTAL VOTE FOR PRESIDENTIAL CADIDATES

Following is a table of the total popular vote by state for the five leading presidential candidates:

State.	Taft, Rep.	Bryan, Dem.	Debs, Soc.	Hisgen, Ind.	Chafin, Prob.
Alabama	25,308	74,374	.....	495	665
Arkansas	56,947	87,043	5,000	500	1,000
California	182,064	107,770	18,736	4,327	6,443
Colorado	123,700	126,649	7,974	.....	5,559
Connecticut	112,815	68,255	5,113	728	2,380
Delaware	25,200	22,134	75	50	650
Florida	10,654	31,104	3,747	553	1,356
Georgia	41,692	72,350	584	77	1,059
Idaho	50,091	34,609	6,205	207	1,740
Illinois	629,932	450,810	39,711	7,724	23,364
Indiana	348,993	338,262	18,476	514	18,045
Iowa	275,210	200,771	8,237	404	9,837
Kansas	197,166	161,209	12,420	.....	5,032
Kentucky	235,711	244,092	4,060	200	5,887
Louisiana	9,958	63,568	2,538	72	.....
Maine	66,987	35,463	1,758	790	1,437
Maryland	111,253	111,117	2,500	450	3,000
Massachusetts	265,966	155,543	10,659	19,237	4,374
Michigan	333,313	174,313	11,527	734	16,705
Minnesota	195,786	109,433	14,469	523	10,114
Mississippi	4,463	64,250	1,148	.....	.....
Missouri	346,915	345,884	15,398	397	4,222
Montana	32,333	29,326	5,855	443	827
Nebraska	126,608	130,781	3,524	.....	.....
Nevada	10,214	10,655	2,029	415	.....
New Hampshire	53,144	33,656	1,299	584	905
New Jersey	265,298	182,522	10,249	2,016	4,930
New York	870,070	667,468	38,451	35,817	22,667
North Carolina	114,887	136,928	345	.....	.....
North Dakota	57,771	32,909	2,405	38	1,453
Ohio	572,312	502,721	33,795	439	11,402
Oklahoma	110,550	123,907	21,752	274	.....
Oregon	62,350	38,049	7,430	289	2,682
Pennsylvania	745,779	448,785	39,913	1,057	36,694
Rhode Island	43,942	24,706	1,365	1,005	1,016
South Carolina	3,847	62,289	101	43	.....
South Dakota	67,466	40,266	2,846	88	4,309
Tennessee	118,287	135,630	1,878	333	360
Texas	69,229	227,264	8,524	164	1,792
Utah	61,028	42,601	4,895	67	.....
Vermont	39,552	11,496	.....	804	799
Virginia	52,573	82,946	255	51	1,111
Washington	106,062	58,383	14,777	248	4,700
West Virginia	137,869	111,418	3,676	46	5,107
Wisconsin	248,673	166,707	28,146	.....	11,579
Wyoming	17,708	12,772	1,896	63	.....
Totals	7,637,676	6,393,182	448,453	83,186	241,252

Total vote cast 14,852,239.

PASTOR SAVES FLOCK

Prevents Panic When Fire Starts in Basement.

New York, Dec. 19.—The Rev. S. N. Turrentine, of Irvington-on-the-Hudson, is receiving the congratulations of a whole community for the way in which he saved a perilous situation when fire started in his church.

While preaching in St. Paul's Episcopal church to 150 persons, Mr. Turrentine saw smoke curling through the boards at the foot of his pulpit. He paused in his discourse and watched it a moment.

In the silence he could hear the crackling of flames in the cellar beneath.

Addressing his congregation, he said:

"I fear a fire has started among the furnace pipes under my pulpit here. It cannot break through the floor for at least five minutes, and in that time I wish every person to be out of this church.

"Let the women and children go first, and let the first person out turn in an alarm. I will remain here myself until the last person has gone. Now go."

So perfectly had the calm words soothed the people in the church that they left the building in admirable order. The men waited while the women and children left. Mr. Turrentine was the last man out and left the church carrying the communion service.

By the time he was well clear of the church the flames had burst through the floor and smoke was rolling from the doors and windows.

CANAL PAPERS SILENT

Records Fail to Settle Dispute.

Washington, Dec. 17.—President Roosevelt yesterday sent to congress a letter of the secretary of war, transmitting a memorandum prepared by Judge Charlton, law officer of the bureau of insular affairs, and Richard R. Rogers, the general counsel of the Isthmian canal commission, bearing further upon the charges that Americans were interested in the Panama canal property at the time of the purchase by the United States. The memorandum states that at the time the property was transferred it included the so-called "archives," and they are now in possession of this government.

Examination of these archives by Messrs. Charlton and Rogers show, however, that neither at the time of the first examination in May, 1905, nor now, were there among the records any lists of stockholders in the old or new Panama canal except those contained in the formal minutes.

The minutes of the last meeting prior to the transfer of the property were not contained in the archives surrendered, and the law offices say that the United States government had no concern in them. It is believed to be impossible, therefore, to gather from records in the possession of this government the names of any Americans, if any there may have been, who profited by the sale of the property to the United States.

T. R. STIRS UP SENATE

Secret Service May Be Investigated.

Washington, Dec. 16.—Senator Aldrich today introduced a resolution directing the committee on appropriations to consider the portion of the President's annual message dealing with the secret service. The resolution calls upon the committee to make a thorough inquiry into the subject by a sub-committee or otherwise.

What probably will be the final meeting of the select committee of the house to recommend action on the portion of the President's message which some members of congress have charged impugns their motives in restricting the use of the secret service, will take place late this afternoon. Chairman Perkins, of the committee, stated an agreement probably would be reached.

105 YEARS; NO DOCTOR

Dunkirk, N. Y., Dec. 21.—William Ives, 105 years old, died at his home in Fredonia yesterday after a brief illness. He was a vegetarian and never required the services of a doctor until within the last few months.

HEIRS TO MILLIONS

St. Louis Wage Earners Get Big Estate.

St. Louis, Dec. 21.—Arizone Lyle, a St. Louis carpenter, and his brother, William A. Lyle, a railway clerk, have been informed that they are part heirs to an estate in the heart of Wilmington, Del., said to be worth many millions of dollars.

The estate was originally owned by Christopher Springer, a German baron, who came to America nearly a century ago. He leased the property to various persons and died without leaving a will. The lease expired last January.

The baron's sister was the grandmother of the Lyle brothers. Arizone Lyle is 40 years old and has a wife and three children. His brother is 38 years old. Mrs. George M. McCollum, of Alton, Ill., is also said to be an heir to the estate.

SEC. ROOT INJURED

Suffers as Result of Being Hurt in Ohio.

Washington, Dec. 18.—Secretary of state Root, who has been suffering from an injured knee for two months, has at last called in a specialist to make an examination and treat him. Secretary Root came to the cabinet meeting today in his carriage and it was with some difficulty that he left the vehicle. He limped into the White House apparently with some pain. He remained only a short time at the meeting, leaving long before it was over, to keep an engagement at his home with the specialist who came from Philadelphia.

The secretary received his injury during the late political campaign while he was in Ohio making a stumping tour for Judge Taft. It was not considered serious at the time and he hoped it would mend itself. He has been compelled to walk with a cane ever since. The injury made slow progress in recovery, and during the past week has caused the secretary to be absent from his duties at the state department for several days.

SAT ON HOUSE FLOOR

Washington, Dec. 18.—Representative J. Sloat Fassett, one of the acknowledged orators of congress and once a gubernatorial candidate in New York, is believed to be the only representative who ever actually sat on the floor during the deliberations of the house.

It occurred yesterday when Chairman Perkins, of the select committee of the house

HOLMES CO. GOES DRY

Four Saloons and Two Distilleries Ousted by Nearly Thousand Majority.

Millersburg, Dec. 22.—Holmes county joined the "dry" list at the Rose election held yesterday by a majority of 986. Four saloons and two distilleries are put out of business.

Millersburg gave a "dry" majority of 168; Glenmont, twenty-one; Killbuck, fifty-nine; Nashville, forty-four; Holmesville, thirty-three. Of the twenty-three precincts in the county only two went "wet."

Ohio's list of "dry" counties now numbers 62, of which 57 were voted "dry" under the Rose county option law and five under township and village local option laws. Nine counties voted "wet" under the Rose law. In the remaining 17 counties no elections have been held, and it is understood there will be no further elections until after the adjournment of the coming session of the legislature.

WARSHIPS SECRET TRIP

Mystery Surrounds Destination of Battleship Maine and Cruiser North Carolina.

Washington, Dec. 22.—The most complete mystery, so far as any official admission can be obtained, surrounds the destination of the battleship Maine and cruiser North Carolina, which left Norfolk yesterday under sealed orders.

Neither the state nor the navy department officials will make any statement on the subject any more than to say that the vessels have gone "on a cruise," and they will not deny nor affirm rumors that were current that the ships are bound for any duty at or in the vicinity of Venezuelan waters.

Without Representation.

The American government is without any naval representation in that immediate section and should an outbreak against the existing government occur such American interests as may exist in the ports of La Guaira, Porto Cabello and Maracaibo would have to appeal to the navies of foreign nations for help.

It has been the belief of the state department that the feeling manifested in such a forceful manner in Caracas last week would develop into something more serious, resulting in the formation of a government with a new president at its head. In such case it would be desirable to have at hand a war vessel for any duty that she might be called upon to perform.

Because of the distance of Curacao from Venezuela the state department is without communication even with its consuls in Venezuela, it hnviag no diplomatic representation except after considerable delay and this is considered unfortunate.

Equipped With Wireless.

As the battleship Maine is equipped with wireless telegraphy this affords a ready means of communication with the United States if necessary. The Maine is in command of Rear Admiral Conway H. Arnold, formerly on special duty at the naval war college, who is regarded as specially capable of handling any situation that may arise. Admiral Arnold was in Washington on Saturday in conference with the naval officials.

MAKES FRAUD CHARGE

Methodist Church Sued to Recover $127,000.

Warsaw, Ind., Dec. 22.—Charging that Elijah Hays, of Warsaw, was of unsound mind when he donated $127,000 to the Methodist Episcopal church and that the late Bishop Charles C. McCabe, of Omaha, used wrongful means in persuading him to turn over the money and property, Clementine Keyes and others today filed suit against W. F. McDowell, who succeeded Bishop McCabe, and other trustees of the Nicholas Law Theological Institute at Mercedes, Argentina.

The complaint alleges that in September, 1887, Charles McCabe used undue, fraudulent and wrongful influences on Hays to persuade him to give up land and money to the missionary society of the Methodist church. In 1900, following the death of his wife, his only near relative, Hays became weaker, and, according to the complaint, McCabe again brought his influence to bear, extracting from Hays the remainder of his holdings, and charged that in this instance Bishop McCabe fraudulently compelled Elijah Hays to turn over $26,000 and then kept him in a state of abject poverty.

The complaint also alleges that one of the trustees charged $3,000 for instituting proceedings to secure an adjudication that Hays was insane.

WAR IN VENEZUELA

Washington, Dec. 17.—Vice President Gomez's declaration that Venezuela is in a state of defense has been construed in some circles as meaning a state of war.

That inference is apparently justified by a dispatch which came to the state department today from Paxton Hibben, the American secretary of legation at Bogata, in the United States of Colombia.

Free Receipt For Weak Men

Send Name and Address Today—You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, I believe, is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and, so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Mr. A. E. Robinson, 3938 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, free of charge.

Sixty-Two "Dry" Counties

LOCAL OPTION ELECTION RESULTS.

With the local option election in Holmes county yesterday, the last until after the adjournment of the special session of the legislature, the "dry" counties in Ohio number 62 and the "wet" number 9. Of the 62 "dry" counties, Clinton, Geauga, Harrison, Highland and Morgan voted "dry" under the Beal law. In the others a total of 1874 saloons were ousted under the Rose law. There are 529 saloons in the "wet" counties.

PEN INMATES MAY BECOME BEAU BRUMMELS SOME DAY

Des Moines, Dec. 22.—Urging that inmates of the state penitentiary have tailor-made suits, laundered shirts and polished shoes instead of the present prison garb, Warden J. C. Sanders, of the Fort Madison penitentiary, created a sensation before the state board of control at the regular meeting here this week. He finally told the board that so long as he is warden no prisoner will be beaten, that he purposes to abolish solitary confinement and will do all within his power to furnish pleasure to the inmates of the penal institution.

He condemned many of the state laws, flayed judges and prosecutors and pointed out that it is the legislator's duty to abolish capital punishment and also life commitment on circumstantial evidence. The following are a few of Warden Sander's expressions:

"I believe it is a mistake to send a man to the penitentiary for life on circumstantial evidence.

"The right of society to defend itself is without question, yet with certain limitations. Might is not always right and the majority is not always just and fair. We are human. The juror or judge who acts on the theory that honesty is the best policy is the fellow you want to look out for after all, because he acts from policy and not from a sense of right. If a man steals a ride on a railroad he is called a hobo, if he steals the whole railroad his name is emblazoned in history as a 'financier.'"

SCANDAL IN PITTSBURG

Startling Developments to Follow Arrests of Seven Councilmen and Two Bankers.

Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 22.—Following the arrests here last night of seven councilmen and two bankers on charges of alleged corruption in conducting the public affairs of this city, it is intimated today that even more startling developments will transpire either today or by early tomorrow.

Director of Public Safety Lang has demanded the resignation of Captain of Detectives Edwin T. McGough. Director Lang said today:

"My reason for asking Captain McGough for his resignation has nothing to do with the arrest of the council men. There was another reason and a more serious one, but what it is I will not discuss."

Reports are in circulation, however, that differ from the director's statement.

According to the best information obtainable today, the municipal scandal of San Francisco will be insignificant when compared to the alleged grafting here.

Shadowed by Detectives.

Attorney A. Leo Weil, president of the Voters' League, stated today:

"This is the beginning. The end is not yet."

Alleged acts in connection with the establishment of depositories for the funds of the city are enumerated in the complaints against the councilmen. Following a series of veiled charges and innuendo reference to councilmanic acts, the Voters' League several months ago employed detectives and the arrests are based upon the reports made by these.

W. W. Ramsey, president, and A. A. Vilsack, cashier, of the German National bank, were arrested on charge of giving Councilman John F. Klein $17,500 as a bribe in connection with establishing a city depository. They immediately gave bail.

Conspiracy Charged.

Another complaint names the three above mentioned, together with T. O. Atkinson, of select council; Jacob Soffel, W. H. Melaney and Hugh Ferguson, of common council, and charges them with conspiracy and corrupt and unlawful practices. It is also charged that they did control the vote and support of other members through bribery and other corrupt practices.

The councilmen and bankers will be given a preliminary hearing before Magistrate Brady at 10 tomorrow morning. In the meantime, the greatest secrecy is being maintained by the Voters' League regarding the case.

STORIES BUT NO FACTS

Carnegie Has Fun With the House Committee on Tariff Revision.

Washington, Dec. 22.—Andrew Carnegie, famous for the millions he made in the steal business and for his views of economic questions, made a most entertaining, if not instructive, witness before the house ways and means committee yesterday in connection with the proposed revision of the tariff.

An article on the tariff, especially as to the steel schedule, written by Mr. Carnegie, recently appeared in a monthly magazine. Owing to the statements made in that article, it became the basis for the questions asked by the members of the committee when the hearings on the steel schedule were held.

Told Stories.

Although he was on the stand yesterday for nearly eight hours, Mr. Carnegie laughed and joked good naturedly throughout. He exasperated several of the "stand patters" with his epigramatic replies, praised the genius of Charles M. Schwab, urged the committee to accept the testimony of Judge E. H. Gary as conclusive, and told several funny stories. He avoided figures, however, to such an extent that it is doubtful if the tariff framers are any more enlightened on the steel question than they were before Mr. Carnegie was sworn in by Chairman Payne.

Mr. Carnegie's principal contention was that the steel industry needs no more protection; that it has reached a point in its development where the American manufacturers can compete with the world under free trade conditions. While he claimed that the cost of labor and production of steel are less in this country than in the other countries producing steel, Mr. Carnegie gave no figures to support his contentions.

He said that Judge Gary told the committee that the United States Steel corporation can get along without a tariff on its products and that should be sufficient evidence for the committee to take off the duty on steel and iron.

Against Trusts.

Mr. Carnegie's testimony was most unique and interesting and he frequently caused peals of laughter in the crowded room, the joke often being at the expense of the chairman or some other member of the committee.

He declared emphatically against combinations or "trusts" and said he had nothing to do with the sale of the Carnegie Steel company to the United States Steel corporation. He characterized the "stock gambler" as being the worst citizen a country could have and said that he never had one associated with him in business.

2,500 CABMEN STRIKE

Second of Kind in N. Y. in Three Months.

New York, Dec. 22.—A general tie-up of all stables and garages owned by members of the Livery Stable Owners' association was slated for today by the cabmen and chauffeurs on strike in this city, whose leaders have ordered out the 1,000 men still at work in fifteen stables. This means that 2,500 men will be on strike and forty-five stables badly crippled or idle.

Both the employers and strikers are confident of victory in this, the second big cab strike in New York city within three months.

BOMB WRECKS HOUSE

Explosive Thrown From a N. Y. Elevated Train.

New York, Dec. 22.—A bomb believed to have been thrown from a Second avenue elevated train wrecked the front of a restaurant on upper Second avenue last night, stunning but not seriously injuring Mrs. Henry Hart and causing a panic among the six families occupying the building.

The cause of the bomb throwing can only be conjectured.

NOT ON CLEMSON

Sandusky, Dec. 22.—Until a postcard came Sunday addressed to a brother, Jerry Pierce, of Huron, was mourned as a victim of the Clemson disaster in Lake Superior. The card, however, makes known the fact that instead of being aboard the Clemson, Pierce shipped on the Davidson and that he is well and working in Chicago.

WANT ANOTHER JUDGE

Youngstown, Dec. 22.—A bill is being prepared which will be introduced in the legislature to provide another judge for the ninth common pleas district, comprising Mahoning and Trumbull counties.

OUTBREAK IS FEARED

British War Vessel Rushed to Canton to Check Uprising Among the Coolies.

Hong Kong, Dec. 21.—Fears of attack of an anti-foreign outbreak in Canton have caused the hasty dispatch of the British destroyer Hart to that port.

Dispatches say that the lower classes of the native population of Canton are in a ferment of excitement and a desperate attack upon the foreign quarter and the consulates may be made at any moment.

There are thousands of the most vicious class of Chinese in Canton, and their hatred of foreigners, particularly missionaries, approaches fanaticism. Many times outbreaks have been threatened and each time the danger has been averted only by a display of force.

Troops Withdrawn.

During the recent unrest following the deaths of the Emperor and Empress Dowager, Canton was the critical point and great numbers of imperial troops were poured into the city by the southern viceroys.

These troops have since been removed and there would be but scant protection in the event of such an uprising as occurred in Peking at the time of the Boxer rebellion. There are no legation guards in Canton and there are but few foreign warships in the harbor.

Strong Force at Hongkong.

At Hong-Kong, a British city, there is a considerable force of English, Indian and native troops. There are several British warships in the harbor, two American gunboats and a few other foreign vessels. If an emergency arises, a strong showing could be made at Canton, but for the present it is believed the dispatch of the destroyer Hart will meet the situation.

In the midst of the discontent at Canton came the death of a coolie on the steamer Falshan. He was kicked to death, it is alleged, by a Portuguese watchman. This episode added greatly to the ill feeling and created general terror among the foreigners.

Boycott Is Continued.

The boycott of English and other European-made goods continues. Two of the steamers boycotted, the Moor Hen and the Canton, have been recalled from Wuchon. Other steamers will be kept in port. All native vessels are closely examined. The shipment of arms and ammunition is feared. Native papers grow more bold and violent every day. Reports from the Portuguese and French colonies are disquieting. From every quarter come reports indicating the steady growth of a real danger.

VENEZUELA WAR RUMOR

Germany and Castro Are Discrediting Reports From Republic.

Berlin, Dec. 18.—Both the German foreign office and President Castro discredit the report that Venezuela has declared war against the Netherlands. The foreign office takes the ground that even if hostilities have been declared the declaration cannot become effective, because Venezuela is in no position to carry a campaign beyond its own borders and Holland will not exceed the limits of its retaliatory course already outlined to the United States.

The belief is growing here that President Castro left South America not because of illness, but to escape the political turmoil, and that he has no intention of ever returning. Gomez is believed to be still true to Castro.

Castro is to be transferred to Professor Israel's private sanitarium Sunday for a week of observation to determine whether an operation is necessary.

EXPRESS IS DYNAMITED

Unmasked Bandits Plunder Safe and Escape With Booty.

Portland, Ore., Dec. 18.—An express car on the Chicago and Portland special, an Oregon Railway and Navigation train, was dynamited and plundered by four unmasked bandits nine miles east of Portland last night. The amount of the booty is not known.

While the engine was taking water the men leaped from the brush along the tracks and covered the crew with their revolvers. Threatened with death unless they complied the trainmen, at the point of revolvers, were forced to uncouple the express car, and the engineer, firemen and Express Messenger O. H. Huff were ordered to hitch the engine to the car and run toward Portland. The robbers did not molest the passengers.

A mile from the scene of the holdup the robbers shattered the door of the express car with nitroglycerin, and the express messenger was ordered to open the small safe carried in the car. It contained several packages which were taken by the robbers. The bandits then escaped.

The express car carried a small local safe and a strong box, and the latter was not touched.

TURKEY MAKES BREAK

Meeting of First Ottoman Parliament Marks a New Epoch.

Constantinople, Dec. 17.—With the meeting of the first Ottoman parliament today, Turkey formally breaks from the despotic rule of centuries. Sultan Abdul Hamid, who last July granted the constitution providing for this assembly, paraded through the city today at the head of an elaborate cortege to open the first session. Everywhere he was greeted with loud cheering and there was no semblance of disorder.

Every regiment in Constantinople was lined up along the route of the procession to guard the progress of the sultan. Triumphant arches spanned the streets, and as the occasion had been made a public holiday, the city was crowded with people.

The enthusiasm of the people is keyed to a high pitch, and their reception to the sultan and their cheers for the new assembly are evidence of the deep interest taken by Turkey in this first step toward constitutional life.

The first Turkish parliament was assembled more than thirty years ago, but its existence was very brief and it was dissolved before any definite results were accomplished.

NO GENUINE ACTIVITY IN STOCK MARKET JUST NOW

New York, Dec. 21.—In his weekly letter on the condition of the stock market Henry Clews says:

The long threatened investigation of Wall street by a commission appointed by the governor is about to become a fact. Wall street should meet the committee more than half way, because the deeper the investigation of the affairs of the street the more it will redound to the credit of the great majority of banking and brokerage houses. There is an erroneous idea in the minds of many well meaning people that Wall street is a den of iniquity, and a few of the failures that have occurred during the last two years may have lent some color to this impression. A fair investigation will prove clearly that the sins of the few black sheep should not be visited on the heads of the innocent and honorable, who are in the overwhelming majority. It is a good thing that the investigation is to be made by an authorized committee appointed by the governor instead of one appointed by the legislature. I for one will welcome the inquiry, as I know the result of the probing will uncover good rather than evil and be of benefit in raising public opinion concerning Wall street and the New York Stock Exchange.

Governor Hughes was not only wise in his selection of men, but also as to the time chosen for action. By bringing up the investigation before the opening of the legislature he takes the question out of the hands of political demagogues, who would doubtless cause much disturbance by appeals to popular prejudice and ignorance. For this he should receive the thanks of all sane and intelligent men. The investigation will not only tend towards the stoppage of certain abuses which do exist, but will also tend to what is more important, the creation of a sound and strong public opinion that will unrelentingly frown down such practices and scandals as were largely responsible for the late panic. Our regulations regarding the issues of securities are too loose; our corporation laws are too loose, and some of our banking methods are probably too loose. By all means let us have reform in these respects, for it will benefit the country at large and Wall street in particular.

No Genuine Activity.

It seems impossible to infuse any genuine or continuous activity into the stock market just now. Spasmodic attempts to lift prices to a still higher level and spectacular manipulation of low priced specialties fail to stimulate public interest. The old theory that the public will climb after the stocks when they have had a big advance no longer works. Just why the public will not come come along in its usual philanthropic fashion and relieve the big leaders of their superfluous stock, it does not tell; but there is only one inference, and that is that the public knows better. In these days the ouside operator is a much more wary individual than he used to be. Experience has proved a costly but thorough teacher, and the individual now depends much less upon tips and gossip and more upon his own judgment and the guidance of his broker than formerly. He may of course err at times; but this is a healthy tendency and one that will in the long run be more profitable than blindly following the leadership of those who simply desire to cast upon him their surplus burdens.

This wariness of the public, which is really an important element in the situation, is not the only reason for present unsteadiness. Security prices are undoubtedly too high when measured by customary standards. As repeatedly stated in these advices, cheap money has been the most powerful single influence in the remarkable recovery of 1908. When call money remained 1½ to per cent and less, dividend paying stocks appeared particularly cheap. The accumulation of idle money following a panic has always been a powerful stimulant for recovery, and this year cheap money had more lifting power than in previous panics because of its larger supply and the fact that the panic had less serious effects than usual in industrial and merchantile pursuits. If it be conceded that cheap money was the main cause of the rise, it follows that the maintenance of that rise largely depends upon the continuance of cheap money. It is just here that the stock market shows its weakest point. All indications suggest a slow but sure hardening of money rates. The stiffening which usually accompanies preparations for January disbursements is, of course, only temporary and should disappear by the middle of next month. But there are other and more permanent influences at work which mean higher interest rates. Chief among these will be the new demands for capital. In the first eleven months of this year the new security issues were estimated at about $1,500,000,000, against $1,200,000,000 the same time last year. Of this total two-thirds, roughly speaking, were railroad issues. During the next few months still larger applications may be expected, because the necessities of the railroads are far from satisfied, and it must be remembered that financial operations were very seriously deferred by the panic. Now that confidence is being restored, such negotiations will, of course, be resumed. This means both a material increase in the supply of securities and higher rates of interest; conditions which it is needless to point out are not favorable to still higher prices. The future of the money market, however, will be affected by additional considerations. A larger mercantile demand for funds is sure to develop next year with the improvement in business, and this demand must inevitably be met. Again, the reserves of the Associated Banks are showing almost sensational declines; gold exports have been resumed and may be expected to continue, because in the absence of a sufficient supply of grain and cotton bills we must send gold to fill the deficiency. We cannot expect to ship securities to any great extent at these prices, since Europe has been selling Americans and bluntly telling us we are on too high a plane. Hence, with increasing demands for money, disappearing bank reserves and prospective gold exports it follows that money rates must work gradually higher.

On the side of higher prices we have the resources and the abilities of the strongest leaders the "Street" has ever seen. They still have plenty of stocks for sale, and are seeking relief through bringing in the public. About the only advantage on their side is the prosperous outlook for railroads in 1909.

Future Is Bright.

The future in this respect is undeniably bright. All the roads have put important economics into effect, and with a few exceptions they are already or about to be enforced they are sure of liberal gains in net earnings whether the volume of traffic goes back to 1907 records or not. This policy, of course, insures the maintenance of dividends and is the source of all increase rumors. The fact, also, that the public attitude towards railroads is becoming more reasonable has a favorable effect upon values. Here, however, the list of sound bull arguments ends. The fact remains that the market is above its natural level, especially when measured by the final test of interest rates. It is quite within the power of the present leaders to manipulate prices still higher, though a healthier and more effectual policy would be to permit a reasonable decline. This would stimulate activity, attract new buyers, broaden the market and make a more successful distribution of congested holdings possible. As said in previous advices, the market has been pulled to a standstill. The movement for months has been all in one direction; and no permanently successful operations were ever carried out on such lines. The market requires frequent to-and-fro movements, which would secure a much healthier and more legitimate distribution of stocks. Under present highly artificial conditions both investors and speculators must operate with exceptional discrimination; or later on they will find themselves carrying high priced stocks on a declining market.

THE WEEK IN CONGRESS

Washington, Dec. 14.—Senate.—The Brownsville affair consumed nearly the entire session. Senator Foraker obtained the floor early and read letters from a former soldier of the Twenty-fifth regiment telling of the procedure of government detectives in attempts to get a confession from him. Mr. Foraker introduced an amendment to his original bill for the re-enlistment of these soldiers providing that a commission of three retired army officers be created to determine whether discharged soldiers are innocent of complicity in the shooting up of Brownsville as a prerequisite for their reenlistment, the hearing, that to duty with the President, as provided by the Warner bill. The President's message giving the results of the war department's investigation of the Brownsville affair was read and Mr. Foraker again took the floor to comment upon the message.

House.—While considering bills dealing with affairs in the District of Columbia the house today passed a measure for 35-cent gas in Washington. The bill now goes to the senate, as well as another bill abolishing "bucket shops" in the district. A measure providing for free lectures in the public schools was voted down. An attempt by Representative Henry, of Texas, to obtain a change in the reference of a bill prohibiting the making of future contracts on agricultural products brought forth the promise from Chairman Scott, of the agricultural committee, that his committee would soon grant hearings to farmers' unions and others on this subject. The house voted to adjourn Saturday, December 19, to Monday, January 4.

Washington, Dec. 15.—Senate—The President's Panama canal message was read today and its reading was received with loud laughter by some of the senators. Senator Foraker endeavored to have adopted a resolution calling on the secretary of war for detailed information concerning the men employed, instructions given and expenses incurred in the investigation by detectives into the Brownsville affair, referred to by the President in his message of yesterday. Senator Warren objected to immediate consideration. The postal savings bank bill was the subject of speeches by Senators Carter and Depew, both of whom advocated the measure. The bill was made the unfinished business, displacing the joint resolution for the repeal of the commodity clause of the interstate commerce law. On motion of Senator Fulton the omnibus claims bill will be taken up on Jan. 6. Brief memorial services were held for the late Representative George W. Smith, of Illinois.

House—The hope of the so-called insurgents for a revision of the rules of that body were dissipated, for the time being at least, when Mr. Gardner, of Massachusetts, today failed to obtain the adoption of an amended resolution calling for the appointment of a committee of eight members to consider the subject and report the changes deemed necessary. By a substantial majority the house voted to take away from the committee on foreign affairs consideration of the resolution, which in its original form, simply called for information from the secretary of state regarding what the British house of commons had done in that regard. A ruling by the speaker that the amendment of Mr. Gardner changed the character of the resolution in such a way as to make it not privileged was sustained and the reslution then was laid on the table. After passing some bills relating to the District of Columbia the remainder of the day was taken up with the bill to revise the penal laws of the United States.

Washington, Dec. 16.—Senate.—Considerable time was devoted today to a discussion of the President's course in placing strictures on congress in the matter of the secret service, and a searching resolution, proposed by Mr. Aldrich and amended upon the suggestion of Mr. Culberson, providing for a thorough investigation by the committee on appropriations of the President's charges, both in respect to the acts and the course that should be taken by congress to resent the imputations believed to have been cast upon that body, was adopted. Mr. Aldrich, in introducing his resolution, made no comment upon it, but Senators Bailey, Beacon, Tillman, Culberson and others declared that the President's words should be resented by the senate as highly insulting. Senator Foraker's resolution calling on the secretary of war for information concerning the work of detectives in the Brownsville affair also was adopted. Senator Lodge spoke in support of the Warner bill permitting the President to reenlist the discharged soldiers of the Twenty-fifth regiment at his discretion.

House.—Except for a few moments spent in the transaction of routine business and the passage of two bridge bills, the house today devoted its entire time to the further consideration of the bill to revise the penal laws of the United States. The Garrett amendment, which came over from last night and which prohibited the sending through the mails of information bearing on transactions in futures, was defeated by a decided vote. Without opposition an amendment by Mr. Houston (Tennessee) was adopted making it an offense to deposit in or ship through the mails intoxicating liquors. There was still pending when the bill was laid aside an amendment by Mr. Humphreys, of Mississippi, providing for the identification of intoxicating liquors transported by interstate carriers. This proposition evolved extended debate.

Washington, Dec. 17.—Senate.—The postal savings bank bill was before the senate today for over an hour, Senator Burkett, of Nebraska, making a comprehensive argument in favor of its passage. The senate listened also to the reading of a message from the President recommending a change in the form of government of the District of Columbia, by which a single executive head would take the place of the board of three commissioners who now jointly act as a governing board.

House.—By unanimous vote the house today adopted a resolution presented by the special committee of five calling on the President for proof of his charge that members were fearful of an investigation by the secret service agents. The remainder of the day was given over to consideration of bills on the private calendar, a large number of which were passed.

Washington, Dec. 18.—House.—Because of the general exodus of members for their homes for the Christmas holidays, the attendance today was far short of a quorum. Nevertheless a good deal of business was transacted. This consisted mostly of the passage of war claim bills, some of them giving rise to considerable discussion.

The senate was not in session today.

Washington, Dec. 19.—Congress adjourned until Monday, January 4.

THREE SHOT IN BATTLE

One Instantly Killed and City Marshal May Die of Wound.

Higbee, Mo., Dec. 19.—Three prisoners who had smuggled their loaded revolvers with them to their cells, last night shot and probably fatally wounded City Marshal Frank Cain and instantly killed Elmer Magruder.

The men, who gave their names as Fred Anderson and James and Bud Drener, of Des Moines, had been arrested on charge of robbing the railway station at Salisbury, Mo.

After they had been locked in their cells, Marshal Cain remembered they had not been carefully searched, and, fearing they had some weapons concealed about them, returned to the cell, accompanied by Magruder.

As soon as the men approached the cell door the robbers fired, killing Magruder. Single-handed, the marshal grappled with the bandits, and was shot through the right lung. Ignoring his wound, he returned the fire, shooting one of the prisoners in the arm, when he was overcome by loss of blood and fell.

Taking advantage of the excitement, the three men escaped. A posse was organized and a man hunt is in progress.

POPE HAS RECOVERED

Rome, Dec. 22.—The pope has fully recovered from his recent illness. He received Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, in private audience today, speaking cordially of the archbishop's last visit in 1905.

THE MARKETS.

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., Dec. 21.—Small receipts in the northwest and prospects of lighter arrivals in the southwest started a buying movement that buoyed wheat upward early in the day. Cables were colorless, Liverpool opening unchanged and showing an advance of 3-8d at 1:30 p. m. Commission houses led by the Patten people bought at Chicago on the call while selling was scattered. Among the longs were Pringle, Chapin, Peavy, Logan and Valentine. On the whole, the weather map was favorable. Receipts in the Toledo market were four cars, all of which graded No. 2 red. Arrivals in Chicago were about the same as last year but in the northwest, a big slump in car lots developed. Cash opened 1-4c higher at $1.04 1-2, May 1-8c higher at $1.07 7-8 and July 1-2c higher at $1.00 3-4.

In the latter part of the session a paucity of offerings enabled the bulls clique to force the prices higher. Free Argentine offerings are expected to check export trade. Liverpol closed ⅝d to ¾d higher. Toledo cash wheat closed ½c at $1.04¾, May 1-2c higher at $1.08¼ and July $1.00 1-2.

Covering by shorts caused strength in corn, especially in the first hour. Receipts at Chicago were 619 cars, against 617 a year ago. A bullish factor was the light country acceptances, but meager demand offset this to a great extent. Liverpool showed an advance of 1-4d at the outset. Local receipts were 14 cars, including five No. 3 yellow. December opened unchanged at 60c, May 3-8c higher at 62 3-4c and July unchanged at 62 1-2c. May lost 1-8c and July gained 1-4c in the early part of the day.

The closes: Cash and December 60c, May 62⅝c, July 62⅝c. Corn was weak from selling by the Chicago crowd. Liverpool closed ¼d up.

All oats options opened 1-4c higher but remained steady up till 10 a. m., December started at 52c, May at 52¾c and July at 47½c.

The following were the closes: Cash and December 52c, May 52⅞c, July 47⅝c.

Clover seed remained rather weak, with December steady at $5.55 and March and October 2½c off at $5.62½ respectively.

Receipts today were 450 bags against 100 a year ago. Shipments were 515 against none a year ago. Cash closed 5c off at $5.50, March 7½c lower at $5.57½, and October 5c down at $6.10

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Dec. 22.	Dec. 21.
Wheat—					
Cash	1.04½	1.04¾	1.04¼	1.04¾	1.04¼
Dec.	....	....	....	1.04¾	1.04½
May	1.07⅞	1.08¼	....	1.08¼	1.07⅝
July	1.00⅝	....	1.00½	1.00½	1.04¼
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	60	60
Dec.	60	....	....	60	60
May	62⅝	....	62½	62⅝	62¾
July	62½	....	62½	62⅝	62½
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	53	53
Dec.	53	....	....	53	51⅜
May	53¾	....	....	53½	52½
July	47½	....	....	47⅝	47¼
Clover Seed—					
Cash	5.55	....	....	5.50	5.55
Dec	5.55	....	5.50	5.50	5.55
March	5.62½	....	5.57½	5.57½	5.65
Oct	6.12½	....	....	6.10	6.15
No. 2	....	....	....	5.30	5.40
No. 3	....	....	....	5.20	5.25
Rejected	....	....	....	5.02½	5.15
N. E. G.	....	....	....	4.85	4.85
Rye, No. 1	....	....	....	79	79
Rye, No. 2	....	....	....	78¼	78¼
Rye, Timothy	....	....	....	76½	76½
P. Timothy	....	....	....	1.70	1.70
P. Alsike	....	....	....	8.80	8.35

CHICAGO.

Wheat—				
Dec.	1.00⅞	1.01⅜	....	1.01⅛	1.02⅝
May	1.03⅞	1.06¼	....	1.06⅛	1.06⅝
July	97¾	98¼	....	98	97⅝
Sept	....	96	....	95	94½
Corn—					
Dec.	56⅝	56¾	....	57⅛	56¼
May	60⅜	60¾	60⅜	60⅝	60½
July	60⅜	....	60⅜	60⅝	60½
Sept.	....	60¾	....	60⅝	60½
Oats—					
Dec.	49¼	....	49¼	48¼	49¾
May	51¾	51¾	51¾	51¾	51¾
July	46⅛	46⅝	46	46⅜	46⅛
Sept.	40¼	....	40⅛	40⅛	40⅛

NEW YORK.

Wheat—				
May	1.10⅜	....	1.10⅜	1.10⅛
Corn—				
Dec.	....	....	65	65⅝
May	67⅜	....	67⅛	67⅝

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—				
May	1.06⅜	....	1.06⅛	1.06⅛
July	96⅛	....	96¼	96¼

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—				
Dec.	....	....	1.06¾	1.06¼
May	....	....	1.09	1.08½

DULUTH.

Wheat—				
Dec.	....	....	1.07⅛	1.06¾
May	....	....	1.09½	1.08¾

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—				
Jan	15.97	16.07	15.95	15.95
May	16.32	16.35	16.25	16.30
Dec	....	....	14.60	....
Lard—				
Jan	9.35	....	9.30	9.30
May	9.50	9.57	9.52	9.52
Dec	....	....	9.20	....
Ribs—				
Jan	....	....	8.27	8.27
May	8.50	8.55	8.57	8.57

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, Dec. 22.—Receipts were light today, and under good demand prices were held steady with yesterday's average. Packers and shippers were active buyers, and everything was cleaned up early.

Trading in cattle, sheep and veal calves was devoid of special features.

Toledo closing quotations:

Hogs—Selected heavies, average 200 to 250 lbs.; $5.80@5.90; mediums, $5.75@5.85; Yorkers, $5.55@5.70; light Yorkers, 120 to 240 lbs., $5.00@5.25; good pigs, $4.75@4.90; stags and roughs, $3.50@5.25; mixed, $5.70@5.80; bulk of sales, $5.65@5.90.

Cattle—Steers, 1,250 lbs and up, $5.00@5.75; fat steers, 1,050 to 1,150 lbs., $4.50@5.00; fair to medium, $4.00@4.50; plain light steers, $3.50@4.00; extra heifers, $3.50@4.00; fair to medium, $3.00@3.50; light, $2.50@3.00; cows, $3.00@3.50; good butcher cows, $2.50@3.00; common cows, $1.50@2.50; milkers and stringers, $25.00@50.00; choice butchers bulls, $3.75@4.00; common to good bulls, $3.00@3.50; stockers and feeders, $3.00@4.25.

Sheep and lambs—Wethers, $3.50@4.75; mixed sheep, $3.00@4.00; culls and common, $2.00@2.75; best lambs, $4.00@7.00; ewes, $2.50@3.00.

Calves—Prime veals, $7.50@9.00; fair to good, $6.50@7.50; common, $4.50@6.50; heavy and pail fed, $2.50@6.00.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Dec. 22.—Cattle—Receipts, estimated at 5,000; market steady; beeves, $3.50@7.75; Texans, $3.50@4.35; westerners, $3.50@5.50; stockers and feeders, $2.60@4.75; cows and heifers, $1.50@5.00; calves, $6.00@8.50.

Hogs—Receipts, estimated at 22,000; market steady; light, $4.80@5.50; mixed, $5.15 80; heavy, $5.20@5.80; rough, $5.20@5.40; good to choice heavy, $5.40@5.